THE FORTNIGHTLY

MAY, 1941

INSIDE IRELAND

1939-1941

BY AN IRISH CORRESPONDENT*

THE outbreak of war found the Irish mind in a state of intense national egoism—the result of an increasing tendency of over concentration on ourselves during the previous twenty years, which was perhaps a natural reaction from centuries of suppressed nationality. Mr. de Valera's rule had intensified that tendency. Paradoxically, the first period of his office in Ireland coincided with his term as President of the League of Nations when he enlarged the view of Ireland outwardly and inwardly. While he spoke at Geneva as a world citizen, sharing the world's burdens, pleading for a European conference to avert the approaching disaster, his rule at home effected a swing back from an opening of mind and world consciousness that had been evident in the last years of Mr. Cosgrave's régime—helped then by the contacts of Commonwealth co-operation—to a policy of narrow self-sufficiency of mind and body. In Mr. de Valera's view Ireland had been impoverished for centuries, weakened by economic and mental dependence on England. He would cut both cords, whatever the cost.

He did not force this attempted operation on an unwilling people. It proved an impossible one as even he was to realize. But the economic war, with its disastrous consequences for Irish farmers, was made possible by a temperament indicated to me by a strong supporter of his at the height of that war.

"There are men in this district," he said, "who have been skinned by de Valera's policy. And they would go down the hill after their last cow, singing, to put him in again."

On the whole Mr. de Valera has represented the Irish mind as manifested publicly in 1939. It does not say that it is the Irish mind as one knows it outside public utterances. And he and his party did much to form it. Once it was established, few of those who did not confess to it had the moral courage to lift their voices against the prevailing wind. This lack of

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moral courage which is our greatest national weakness while we have won fame for physical courage on the world's battlefields, is a hang-over from history, past oppression and the secret societies formed against it, which added another tyranny and terror to those already existing. Arthur Griffith had this in mind when he declared at the establishment of the Irish Free State that the Anglo-Irish must be kept in it because they had that invaluable quality, the habit of freedom.

It is essential for English people who forget history quickly and are as free of it as we with our brooding capacity, faithfully represented by Mr. de Valera, are bound by it, to study Irish history and its effect on the lives of the people to-day before they can judge the present situation. The descendants of those whom Cromwell consigned to Hell or Connaught—peasants wringing a living from a poor bog farm, with the Famine still kept fresh by story and effect—need careful education to make them realize that the traditional enemy of centuries is now genuinely anxious to be their friend and is for all practical purposes their only friend and sole defender of the freedom for which they fought him for seven hundred years.

Ireland needs a new educational policy, particularly with regard to the teaching of Irish history in the schools, from the wireless, in the press, and in the often inaccurate speeches of politicians. That history, which is an appalling story, however truthfully and fairly told, even by an English historian, is taught in Ireland with a stressing of the darkness which needs no emphasis and without generally a steadying comparative picture of other countries. This educational policy is not Mr. de Valera's innovation, although there have been fresh contributions to it under his rule. It has continued, affecting the Irish mind, through this period of immense world events, when many of those responsible for it were fully aware that the only threat to Ireland's independence came now from Germany and that by England's victory or defeat Ireland stood or fell.

It was put to me by one opposed to this Irish educational policy that it was a deliberate one and that those responsible for it, were not, as might appear, unaware of the inevitable effect—the sacrifice of the constructive future to the destroyed and unalterable past. The theory was advanced that as once suppressed nationality in Ireland was kept alive by hedge schoolmasters and by their successors, now that it was no longer suppressed and therefore in the view of some in greater danger, modern methods were being adopted to ensure that it

did not die from softness and ease. The Irish mind on the wrongs of the past is like a turf fire, which left unfed, dies apparently to grey ashes, but with the glow in the heart of it that has only to be fanned to flame again. Mr. de Valera of the cold exterior has that fire in his own heart as his speeches prove and his voice is often the wind that sets the ashes through Ireland to burn again.

These tendencies have kept the facts of a political issue from being laid before the mass of the people coldly and truthfully for them to consider and choose. Instead they have been given and receive their political policy in terms of heady dreams unconnected with reality. The recent war situation has broken those dreams and brought the facts of their inevitable association with their closest neighbour to thousands of simple Irish people for the first time. Mr. de Valera's Government elected and re-elected on a separatist programme had already faced facts in their actions by accepting what they acknowledged to be an incomplete settlement, thereby making some who had once supported them and whose political education had been on the lines described, their extreme opponents. But the Government propaganda policy within Ireland has continued to the old effect with resulting confusion of mind for those still fed with dreams in a world of stark reality.

II.

The declaration of neutrality of this part of Ireland on the outbreak of war produced a separation between it and England, wider than had existed in any of the present generation's lifetime. Following the immediate pre-war period when discussions on the European situation wherever people met together varied not at all from similar discussions in England, the sudden gulf that appeared and widened before our eyes after Mr. de Valera's declaration of neutrality was all the more remarkable. Even those of closest British ties were somewhat and unwillingly affected by it and increasingly affected during the months while life continued normally in Ireland. The separation of the two countries had been proved a fact for the first time. Government spokesmen were self-congratulatory on that achievement, while their supporters through the country stressed this aspect and also Ireland's immunity from the European disaster, thus contributing to the national complacency against which later Government Ministers were to cry out.

Mr. de Valera had been more cautious, declaring that his

Government would preserve neutrality as long as it proved possible in an unpredictable world. The human ties and sympathies between Ireland and the nearest belligerent—the vast Irish population in England, the thousands of Irishmen of all classes serving in the British forces and the homes of Ireland thus immediately affected, he ignored as his neutrality policy required, more easily perhaps than a man of another temperament could have ignored them.

When he spoke to the country at the outbreak of war, while he expressed sympathy for the belligerent peoples in their suffering, Great Britain, which holds more people of Irish blood than his part of Ireland, might have been as distant and foreign as Germany with which Ireland has neither ties nor common sympathies. He suggested then, as in his later speeches, the cold mathematician who could see the greatest sum of human suffering in terms of x and y. Yet I was told by someone who saw him at that time that the compassion and suffering which he never shows publicly were there. And I have been told since that he was moved by the tragedy of the children's ship and that that caused his first departure in these months from an inhuman national egoism, his offer to receive British women and children.

It was an icy wind that Mr. de Valera, the fanner of fires in another cause, sent across Ireland during the first phase; as with the fires, the frozen exterior shown was not only of his creating. The capacity for coldness exists in the contradictory Irish Celt beside his capacity for warmth and generosity. With control of the press, the Dublin Radio Station, public teaching generally and the speeches of the Irish Premier and his followers to the same pitiless effect, no influence of these could warm the cold face that was possibly no more true of Mr. de Valera himself than of Ireland.

The new parting of the ways was not so evident in the early days of the war. For a greater number of Irish households of all classes than English people, judging Ireland by the Government's policy, could realize, it was 1914-1918 over again. The calling up of reservists and soldiers on leave, the departure of young volunteers. Someone who crossed to England that first week told of the boat packed with reserve soldiers and sailors going to their regiments and ships. "The flower of Ireland," she described them. The weekly excursion train to Belfast was crowded with recruits joining there, and one told me that on that day an extra examining doctor was put on at the recruiting office. So a considerable proportion of the early

recruiting figures for Northern Ireland, which were not good, must have been provided from the South. This was previous to the recruiting drive for the Irish Army, which absorbed the men in their own country.

The neutrality policy forbade a mention of these things in the newspapers. Even the *Irish Times*, the ex-Unionist and pro-British organ published no casualty lists. But these, with as in the last war, their heavy proportion of Irish names, came to Irish houses and cottages. So did the Decoration lists. Ireland produced one of the first two soldier V.C.'s of this war—Captain Ervine Andrews, as it produced the first of the last war, Lieutenant Maurice Dease. It has produced Captain Fogarty Fegen, V.C. of the Jervis Bay, a Tipperary man and as Irish as his name suggests. All these three are Catholics, which indicates the Irish race to which they belong. Not Anglo-Ireland, nor yet Mr. de Valera's creation of Eire, but—Ireland.

The neutrality policy had been accepted by those not remotely neutral, as the inevitable one. It was the choice of the majority and the internal situation made it appear better for both countries. Before the collapse of France made the Irish Ports of such vital importance it seemed that by belligerency, involving the risk of Civil War and that British Forces might be fired on in Ireland, we could give England little more aid than we were giving her already. We had given her and continue to give her of the best of our manhood and womanhood. Apart from the men in the forces and the doctors and A.R.P. workers the proportion of the Irish nurses alone in the front line of London must be at least 35 per cent.

The stories of German spies and the supplying of German submarines may be dismissed. The necessary fuel is not obtainable and those who know the country well declare that there are no pro-Germans to supply food except a small number of irreconcilables who are not in a position to do so. This danger was more real in the last war when a portion of Ireland was hostile to England while in this the majority sympathy has remained consistently anti-Hitler, even if the conviction still persists in many Irish minds that to say a good word for England is to abandon one's love of Ireland. The Government most of all for Ireland's sake—has kept absolutely its pledge that Ireland would never be permitted to be used as the base for an attack on England. The presence of the Axis Ministers and their staffs is an undoubted danger as it is a bitter pill for many Irish people to swallow. But it was one of undoubted

Allied loyalties who said to me that that danger was much less than if they had been private persons.

The clear certainty of the moral difference between the belligerents which existed at first, became somewhat dulled later as the result of the Government's neutral publicity policy, in its press and wireless. These, in the first months, were neutral with a careful avoidance of anything in favour of the British. Not by a word or an inflection was a suggestion given that this was more than a distant war between two Powers, fighting for reasons that had no concern with Ireland or with world issues or morality. If an issue arose between England and Ireland, this detachment broke down as it has broken down in some of Mr. de Valera's speeches. There were no issues then between Germany and Ireland and there had not been seven hundred years of German-Irish history.

The German radio made propaganda in Ireland, while the British, carefully correct, did no propaganda. But the censorship, which prohibited any discussion of Ireland's neutrality, was reasonable enough otherwise prior to June, 1940. English newspapers were—and are—sold everywhere and only banned if they infringe the neutrality rule. But they were written by English people for English people and made no special appeal to reach Ireland.

Some German broadcasts promised the North to Ireland on German victory, others made threats. The speeches of Mr. de Valera and his followers have kept open that wound of Partitition which is not likely to be healed by the methods adopted at present on either side of the Border. The mind formed by the educational policy in the South appears blind to the possibility that any contribution from their side might be necessary to abolish Partition. There are undoubted great wrongs on the other side in much of the treatment of the large minority. The political and religious faction fights of Belfast are too well known for need of mention here. The bigots are on both sides but naturally the minority get the worst of it. And the position of the constitutional Nationalists is made more difficult by each I.R.A. bomb, as each such outrage prolongs Partition. As in the North men in public positions make speeches that have their evil effect in the Shankhill Road, each wild speech in the South on Partition widens the gulf between the two parts of Ireland and feeds the hideous bigotry of both parties beyond the Border.

Nevertheless the feeling in Southern Ireland remained predominantly anti-German. When one said that on ideological

grounds this was our war and that also by England's victory or defeat Ireland stood or fell with her and that therefore we should lend a hand, one was answered by thoughtful people that if there had been no partition in 1922 Ireland would have stood wholeheartedly beside England now. (But this cannot be regarded as a certainty). One was reminded of Redmond's offer in 1914, how he had been treated by Kitchener and how he and the thousands of Irishmen—doubly volunteers in a country where there was not even moral conscription—had been betrayed. The Black-and-Tans were often mentioned. These things, it was said, had left a distrust of English promises in Ireland. Perhaps the Celt has a natural suspiciousness apart from historical experience and Irish people are hard to persuade that England has changed genuinely in her attitude towards Ireland in twenty years. They forget too—or the educational policy has left them unaware—that England has some things also to forgive Ireland.

The Irish Army was ready and eager to fight for Ireland. No one has ever denied the Irish fighting qualities and unbiassed observers have testified to the efficiency and splendid spirit of this new Irish force. But it was composed largely of men who had fought the Black-and-Tans, and these would not serve under British command. Meanwhile, through the first phase, which must be considered parallel with the same period in Great Britain, the war appeared distant except to those many, personally or by sympathy and imagination, concerned. But during that time I met no educated person who denied the obvious truth that Ireland was enjoying peace only because of her geographical position and the presence of the British Navy first and the Air Force and Army, between her and warring Europe. Mr. de Valera has said since that as long as the British Navy commanded the seas, no other belligerent could make a large scale invasion of Ireland.

III.

The invasion of Holland and Belgium pierced the main Maginot Line, behind which Ireland had sheltered complacently. It touched the people emotionally because there is always sympathy in Ireland for a small nation attacked by a larger one, as well as disturbing their previous conviction of their own lasting immunity. There was an immediate increase in the number of volunteer workers at the Red Cross supply depot and the comment in the street was that the war was getting very close.

Here is the small nation sympathy again. The Government and popular press, which up to June had avoided anything that could possibly be called pro-British, changed its tone then and British war communiqués began to take first place in the newspapers. Even the news given from Radio Eireann underwent a subtle change, reflected in the tone of the announcer. All this was in conformity with the change of mind of the majority of readers and listeners. With the British Lion at bay and, it was acknowledged, splendidly at bay, it had ceased to be fun to tweak the Lion's tail. At the same time censorship on both sides of the Irish Sea was tightened up and since then no press matter from Ireland has reached England that has not passed the Irish Censor, except that written by visiting journalists who can only see one day's picture in a country that changes daily. This, combined with the almost complete prohibition of travelling between the two countries, increased the mind separation even while sympathy between them was growing.

The epic of Dunkirk had affected Ireland, beyond the many personally concerned. Through those exquisite, agonized days thousands of Irish homes waited as British homes waited. Daily in Dublin streets one met women of whom one asked the only question. Through June a Dublin flower seller waited for news of her three sons: one missing, one a prisoner, and the third in the Irish Army, lying in danger after a serious lorry accident. Presently men came on leave, nurses too who had been on the beaches, to tell their stories in Irish villages. Soldiers of the Irish Army on leave also, met their friends or their own brothers, listened to their experiences and took the great tale back to Irish messes and barracks where the talk then was often of what the Irish Guards had done and suffered in Norway and at Boulogne and everything was known of who had been killed, who wounded and who had got away.

The invasion scare and the response to the recruiting call for the fighting and humanitarian services from men and women of all politics, created a national movement such as had not existed before in Ireland. This new unity in service with the meeting ground it provides of a common ideology in a country of past divisions makes the greatest hope for the future. Mr. de Valera, who is an astute politician, has had luck also in a country that gives little luck to most of her leaders and he is fortunate among them to have this foundation stone on which to build. One wonders sometimes, reading his speeches, if he is aware of this gift for Ireland and of his own immense responsibility for it.

The warning cries of the Government through the summer named no most likely invader. One heard those in the ranks of the defence movements talk of "Jerry," as last war soldiers. But I was told of men digging trenches on the West coast who said that they were against the Germans or the British, whichever came. In July I talked to an ex-Dublin Fusilier Captain—now a poultry exporter—who, with an ex-I.R.A. Commandant, was drilling Local Security Force recruits in a country house park. He talked of the last war and of the regiment, in which we had a common bond, and of the English whom he admired more than any race and of the possible invasion. I said it would be sense to ask the British in first and not be like Norway and Holland and Belgium. He said that it could not be done—that if "these fellows," (one of the section leaders had served in an Irish regiment in the last war and fought the British in the I.R.A. later), saw British uniforms in Ireland they would feel that they had lost everything they had been fighting for for seven hundred years. The Germans must come first, he said, and then the British would be welcomed as friends and allies.

In August the first German bombs dropped on Ireland, killed three girls in a Wexford factory, and produced a wave of anti-German feeling in spite of the restraint of the press and wireless announcements which suggested orders not to inflame opinion. The Air Raids on Britain continued the mind change which would have seemed incredible three months earlier.

On the other side, the latter part of Mr. de Valera's speech in answer to the British Prime Minister's statement on the loss of the Irish Ports suggested the old fanning of the fires which is his speciality. Many Irish people who had the bitter knowledge for months of the full consequences of that loss to the British Navy which is protecting Ireland, saw Mr. de Valera's difficulties and the truth of his earlier statement that the giving of the Ports must end neutrality and bring the Air War on a country almost totally undefended and without the means to provide adequate defence. The Irish Premier stated publicly what many people knew earlier, that the Government have not been able to get the arms they have tried to get. A large order was placed in England before the war and England, with her own losses, has not been able to supply all of it. Mr. de Valera having stated these facts, went on: "Any attempt to bring pressure to bear on us by any of the belligerents—by Britain—can only lead to bloodshed . . ." and: "I want to say to our people that we may be—I hope not—facing a grave crisis . . .

and if we have to die for it we shall be dying for that good cause."

These seemed grave words for a statesman who knows the easily inflamed mind of his people to use in the gravest hour of the world's and his country's history and in the first hour of Ireland's unity. One gathers that they were in answer to a portion of the British press and not to Mr. Churchill's mere statement of facts. It would seem that if they were considered necessary, they could have been better said through diplomatic channels. The earlier part of the speech contained a sentence that read strangely in relation to Mr. de Valera's policy and especially his words on that occasion. "Now the aim of our Government has been uniformly to try to bring about good relations between the people of our island and the people of the adjoining island. *It has been the prime fundamental motive of most of the things which we did.*" Can Mr. de Valera have read his own speeches and those of his followers, his own press or listened to his wireless or studied the education of the Irish children under his rule?

But a little later he was to show in his statement for America the first humanity and sympathy that he has revealed since the war began, for the neighbours whose lives are so bound with ours: "I can understand Britain's position and if I could do anything to relieve the sufferings of the British people I would do so."

IV.

But of all the war months the first three of 1941 have held the most significant changes inside the Twenty-Six Counties of Ireland. The ending of 1940 ended too the conviction of the majority of the people that by some miracle they were destined to remain immune from the war. The New Year opened with two successive nights of German bombings, resulting in deaths and injuries; and with the first sign that Ireland could no longer rely upon England to supply her with the necessities for living. Irish Ministers now in solemn speech after speech warn the people that only Irish production and Irish harvests can save man and beast in the future from starvation.

The sudden curtailment and the possibility of a complete cessation of the supplies on which Irish farming and Irish business alike depended and of which England was the chief source, produced immediate immense economic problems of unemployment and poverty to add to the Government's political difficulties. A further calamity befell with the most

disastrous and wide-spread outbreak of Foot and Mouth disease that has ever devastated Irish cattle.

It is natural that these great difficulties at home combined with the problems of Ireland's precarious neutrality and defence should distract even a national mind that was world conscious, as Ireland's mind is not, from events outside the country. But the sense of remoteness from the world beyond the Twenty-Six Counties, has been further increased by the most important political—and in its potential effect, the most significant—happening of all this war period in Ireland: the recent wide extension of the Censorship powers, which, with the use of those powers, has brought the Government a long step nearer to the rule of Dictatorship.

Under this Censorship, English papers and books written by Englishmen about the war, may circulate freely in Ireland. But no Irish voice is allowed to express in print an opinion on the war, otherwise than in terms of complete detachment and neutrality. Even an opinion on Ireland's neutrality, expressed in a private letter directed outside the country, may be an offence under the Emergency Powers, punishable with imprisonment.

In pursuance of this policy, the Censor recently suppressed a portion of the Lenten Pastoral of Dr. Morrisroe, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Achonry, in which, it is reported—for the public has not been allowed to see it—that the Bishop spoke of the sufferings of Poland, the persecution of religion and said that it was right for his people to feel sympathy with those who were fighting Nazi aggression. A sentence that was allowed to appear, indicates the probable strength of the suppressed portion: "Not since the days of Herod had there been such disregard for the lives of those who were guiltless of any crime." Simultaneously the Pastorals of Cardinal MacRory and two other Catholic Bishops in Northern Ireland appeared with strong criticisms of the Northern Ireland Government. No interference with the publication of these was made by that Government, which indicates a remarkable contrast in the liberty of speech permitted Catholic Bishops under the respective Protestant and Catholic Governments.

Free speech is still permitted in the Dail, but the press reports of the proceedings are censored so that the truth does not reach the general public.

These influences have helped to create the atmosphere of unreality of which one is aware on entering Ireland or leaving it. War news—even Mr. Roosevelt's speeches and American

references to Ireland, which the Censor permits—come as sounds from another planet, the world which does not concern Ireland although once Ireland asked the world to be concerned with her, as she may ask again.

That unreality was evident in Mr. de Valera's St. Patrick's Day speech to America, as strange a speech as any statesman who was once President of the League of Nations could have made at such a time. He spoke first and chiefly of Ireland's economic problems, then of Ireland's neutrality and not at all of interest or concern for a suffering and shaking world. Of neutrality he told his listeners that American journalists had testified that the overwhelming mass of the Irish people desired it and that some of these had placed the proportion as high as 99 per cent. He omitted to state that under his Censorship no public questioning or discussion of neutrality has been permitted since the war began. He spoke of "Imperial adventures," and of Ireland's desire to stay outside them and said that Ireland, although not intentionally, was being equally blockaded by both belligerents. These statements were challenged later in the Senate by Senators Douglas and MacDermot. Senator Douglas on the first, spoke of the effect it would have on Ireland's many friends in Great Britain, and on the second, said that as a business man, he knew that concerns with which he was connected were then receiving supplies from England. Senator MacDermot recalled that Ireland had been a member of the League of Nations and was still nominally a part of the British Commonwealth, two facts that appear strange in connection with this most isolationist of all Mr. de Valera's speeches. It would seem that Mr. de Valera has only one idea and that he is convinced that any concern for the world outside the small space of it that he governs, would lessen the efficiency of his service to Ireland. The unreality was emphasised by his statement in that speech that "the Irish Government and an overwhelming majority of the Irish people have decided that they will not be involved in the war." One would imagine that the speaker of those words had not read recent European—or even American—history.

It is probably true that the majority of the people desire neutrality even more than they desired it at the beginning of the war and with good reason; as equally the Government may be excused for making every effort to stay out of the war. The people know the state of their defences and that the Germans are at Brest and what has happened to British cities with all their preparations and the money to provide these. So far Mr.

de Valera's stock has risen higher because Ireland has had a year and a half's immunity. It is only fair that English people should remember their own minds at the time of Munich. Ireland's entry into the war now, would be in cold blood, with open eyes and with no gradual preparation such as the British people had before the Air War.

But there is a certain uneasiness discernible in more people than those who are labelled as pro-British. The Irish have always had a capacity for sophistry and for justifying with a vivid use of their imagination, something of which they are secretly ashamed. So instead of putting the truth of neutrality before the people—that it was a hard necessity in all Ireland's circumstances—Mr. de Valera's Government ennobled it as an ideal and persuaded themselves and a portion of the people that it was a thing to be proud of. It has become in public speeches, at least, something more sacred and higher even than Independence justifying the use of any means to guard it.

But the activity of mind and body is there, confined within the Twenty-Six Counties and its rigorous Censorship. Can this space hold it? And if neutrality can be preserved, will the necessary tilling of the fields provide sufficient outlet for these pent up forces of a race that once found the world hardly wide enough for their adventures? If not, in what direction will they burst?

POST-WAR POLICIES FOR INTERNATIONAL TRADE

By E. Raymond Streat

PEACE may come with less forewarning than did the war, and of all the problems which will then be revealed none more closely involves the well-being of the population of these islands than that of international trade policy. Hitler's pre-war message to Germany "Export or die": the apt amendment later addressed to the British people "Export and live": these were only the last echoes before Armageddon of an argument which had been raging since the war of 1914-18 and had been smouldering long before that. Free Trade, Tariff Reform, Imperial Preference: these were the political slogans which signalized our own internal controversies upon these vital questions.

Theoretical arguments, however, are no longer of interest. We want to know how we are going to be fed. We realize more vividly than ever before that our food cannot all be grown on our small plot of land. We also want to know how we can expect to find work if Britain does not regain the export trade which has been decimated by two wars and the follies in between.

Nowhere is this anxiety more evident than in Lancashire, where Britain's once greatest export industry, that of cotton, will face disaster if the problem cannot be solved.

My own contacts for more than twenty years have been primarily with the export trade in cotton goods, but, like my fellow Lancastrians, I recognize that policy cannot profitably be framed only to suit a single trade or, since export trade necessarily involves international exchanges, a single nation.

If I had to put my finger on a particular spot and say, "There, more than anywhere else, is the source of past error," I should point to the fact— so often disregarded by all of us in the past —that any policy for international economic relationships must suit all or a great many nations if it is to have any chance of adoption by anything more than lip-service. And they must be convinced that it will suit them.

Free Trade suited Britain in the Nineteenth Century. It

may be true that it would have suited every other part of the globe if they would only have practised it genuinely. But they did not do so, and, as we have since learned, it has to be practised with substantial universality or its truths become untruths.

I was among those who frequented Geneva and the capitals of Europe in the course of the great era of international economic conferences in the nineteen-twenties and early nineteen-thirties. We who used up so much breath, who drafted so many resolutions, who studied so closely the endless memoranda of the technical experts on the subject of Trade Barriers, must now face the fact that we achieved precisely nothing. Economic nationalism had the world in its grip in those fateful years. Experts at Geneva altruistically gave of their best in diagnosing the various manifestations of the root disease. On their return home the identical experts were employed either by their government or their industrial paymasters in the invention of new Trade Barriers—fresh ways of achieving the same end—namely, strangling the other fellow's export trade in the belief that to do so would safeguard your own. At the Ottawa Conference in 1932 the whole might of the British Empire was deployed on this single objective. It was perhaps the inevitable answer of Free Trade Britain to a world which refused to credit the Free Trade argument, and for my own part, I do not think it just to criticize this country because of Ottawa. In the absence of a universal policy, Britain had to adopt a unilateral one, and history will record that Britain (and Holland) maintained their offer of a universal one for many years after the rest of the world had rejected it, in actions if not also in words.

The critical question now is *not* what kind of a policy for international trade would conform most fully to the best and truest principles of economics (plenty of text books exist to suggest answers to that, though not all the answers would be identical). We require to determine and frame a policy which will stand a chance of more or less universal acceptance and be calculated first to restore, then preserve and ultimately enlarge British export trade.

International free trade is obviously the soundest of policies theoretically. It would be completely futile and hopeless to pin the slightest faith to it as a basis for post-war guidance. The British people clearly could not stand the spectacle of their starved home market being filled by the industries of the non-belligerents or semi-belligerents whilst their own industries,

caught in the toils of demobilization from war, stood idle. It would be useless to tell them that in due course the Free Trade principle would begin to show its truth and beauty. Nor could they be persuaded that it was wise and fair that all their pre-war export markets should be left to be swamped by rivals overseas with lower standards of living and other means of undercutting them.

A World Economic Conference sounded a good idea in 1927. Hope springs eternal and the human intellect is very gullible, but surely people will not again make the dreadful error of supposing that conferences can do anything if there is neither a policy to guide them nor ultimate force to implement their resolutions. We need a policy before we have another conference, and the policy must be canvassed in all the capitals that matter until it commands a wide measure of agreement.

There are people connected with the cotton export trade who think they have in mind at any rate the rudiments of a satisfactory policy. They think, firstly, that it should be said that international trade must be consciously and powerfully encouraged. This can never be done by an entirely selfish policy. If every nation seeks to foster its own export trade and proceeds on the assumption that this can best be done by blocking that of other nations we are back in the vicious circles of economic nationalism. Regard must be paid to the special encouragement of trades which are clearly most in line with the fullest development of the economic resources of the countries concerned. Artificial and unnatural developments should not be facilitated. But these admirable theoretical principles cannot in practice be pressed too far and due allowance must be made for national sentiments, especially the instinct for national security which will not be less potent after the perils of the war than it was before.

Secondly, from a purely British standpoint, we must recognize that our own export trade in manufactured goods is unlikely to prosper without very tangible measures to safeguard its existence and extension. We can hardly expect our overhead costs or the wage levels of the working man to be lower after the war than those obtaining elsewhere. We must not plan on any such assumption. We may make some headway by the excellence of our products or by perfections of our organization, but price will always be a ruling factor and it seems improbable, to put it no higher, that we shall be amongst the world's cheapest producers.

The obstacles to vigorous British export trade after the war

will be found in excessive protection of the domestic industries in our various markets and the competition of rival countries whose manufacturers will have been spared our burdens and handicaps and whose workers, in some cases, will not enjoy or expect similar standards of living. We cannot expect to achieve a price level so low as to overcome these obstacles.

The pre-war conception of a technique to attack them had two main planks. At Ottawa, the nations of the British Commonwealth agreed to secure export trade as between themselves by blocking out imports from other sources by the system of preferential tariffs. In a number of international trade agreements we sought to obtain from foreign countries reductions in their customs tariffs on goods of interest to us. But we maintained the validity of the most-favoured-nation clause by virtue of which our competitors likewise enjoyed these tariff reductions. In a few cases, where we as a buyer held the whiphand, whilst making agreements of this kind as regards tariff rates we persuaded the importing country to make some special arrangements, often in connection with their control of foreign exchange or by the institution of import quotas, which in effect gave us a preference such as we enjoyed in a more obvious form within the Empire.

This worked moderately well in some trades but it sowed the seeds of hostility and envy in many directions and as a conception it was beginning to wear thin by 1938.

Unless something is done to invent, expound and popularize a new technique, it is probable that after the war, we shall work more or less on the same lines. The tariffs, quotas and exchange controls will all exist, and lacking a new basis, government departments in all countries will begin again the old game with the same pawns to move and under the same rules. The emotions evoked by the war will have greatly increased the defensive instincts and we shall probably do worse than we did before by the exercise of this technique. An alternative is therefore badly needed. Is there one to be found? I think there is and I think it lies in Britain giving the world a lead by going out boldly for international trade agreements on a quantitative basis, to which should be allied a conception of world trade as falling rightly and properly into zones of trade collaboration.

We, for our part, might aim at joining in a zone consisting, say, of the British Commonwealth of Nations, the United States of America and South America. Other zones would naturally suggest themselves, and our policy should be to

encourage the mutual co-operation of the trading nations within them. Within the zones there should be the freest possible conditions for trade, and nobody should take offence if those within the zone did not extend identical terms to those outside. Important and necessary trade in commodities passing from one zone to another should be the object of special commodity negotiations.

The quantity basis, as I conceive it, would gradually supersede and render obsolete the conception that tariffs and import prohibitions are the proper instruments for the regulation of international trade. Each country would formulate a budget of its international trade, initially for short periods of two or three years. Its budget would estimate its imports and its exports quantitatively in the principal commodities of interest to its national life with a residuum for untabulated miscellanies. This budget would be related to the country's exchange position. It would estimate its probable and desirable imports, dividing the estimate roughly as between countries within and without the zone of trade collaboration. Similarly it would estimate its exports.

The aim would be a series of trade agreements in which up to the agreed quantities of the important commodities and an agreed value of unspecified merchandize trade would be allowed to flow without tariffs other than revenue tariffs. The legitimate interests of domestic producers or of other producers located elsewhere within the zone would be safeguarded by the limitation of quantities, not, as hitherto, by the price level of imports enhanced by protective tariffs. The consumers everywhere would have the benefits of the lowest prices within the zone up to the quantities admitted. Rival producers, whether domestic or otherwise, could not be swamped by unlimited competition, but they would be under the necessity of finding ways and means of making profits in the face of the price levels of the permitted imports. They would meet this either by specialization on some branch of production which was really suited to their geographical situation and their economic possibilities or by a sufficient general efficiency. In exceptional cases, where local production was a national necessity, modest tariff protection to the domestic interests might be conceded as an additional safeguard over and above the limitation of imports quantitatively.

Imports from countries outside the zone would bear fairly stiff tariffs and would also be subject to quantitative limits,

except in the case of commodities embraced in special inter-zone arrangements.

The advantage of the zones would be that a trade agreement between any two countries in the zone could be the subject of consultation with the governments of other countries within the zone, and where necessary three or more such governments could confer about the division as between the interested parties of the imports of any commodity into a given country—the aim of trade collaboration being the keynote of such consultation.

It may be argued that this conception would involve extremely cumbersome negotiations: that the quantitative basis would encourage limitation rather than expansion of international trade: and that the low tariff proposal would never in practice be accepted in countries where vested interests already exist in high tariffs.

There is some weight in criticisms on these lines. It is not suggested that the plan would be easy to work or that it would not meet with opposition and obstacles in its practical operation. But I do not believe it would be substantially more difficult than any of the alternatives.

The cumbersomeness of negotiations is a bogy we need not fear. It loses its terrors if enough brain power and effort is devoted to the task. It is simplicity compared to the problems tackled by governments during the war. I suppose the numbers of those employed in managing Britain's commercial relations with the Empire, the United States of America and South America before the war may have amounted to less than 100 persons in the Board of Trade, Department of Overseas Trade and Foreign Office, and a small band of Trade Commissioners and Commercial Secretaries posted overseas. I am no believer in mere numbers, but who can argue that it would matter if this personnel were multiplied by five or even ten? Every industry should be represented in the organization by a technical expert: every language by a dozen masters of it. Give the whole organization a directing head of the right kind: let successive governments make the filling of ministerial posts a primary consideration: and no task becomes too difficult or complex. Moreover, in the post-war era the aeroplane and the wireless telephone is going to make personal contact in negotiations of this kind much easier.

If it could be proved that a quantitative basis on the lines proposed would encourage the limitation rather than the expansion of international trade, it would of course be a fatal

criticism. It must be borne in mind that a policy based on protective tariffs has been shown in practice in the past twenty years to tend very definitely towards limitation, and those who favour the quantitative conception believe firmly that its general adoption would create an influence in favour of expanded international trade which would be constantly at work and which in the course of a few years would develop considerable force. Let us assume that in a certain branch of exports one of the countries adopting this policy was discontented with the quantities assigned to it by various importing countries in the first negotiations. What would be the levers or the arguments which such a country could use to secure favourable reconsideration of these quantities? Surely nothing but an offer on its part to increase its imports of some commodities of interest to the other party or parties. The natural instinct of each country to increase its exports would under these circumstances be a lever in its own domestic politics which the export interests would use to overcome the resistance against increased imports. In this way there would always be an influence working towards an expansion of international trade.

Further, if imports are to be regulated by tariffs, the domestic manufacturers, desiring protection, invariably argue that such and such a rate of tariff will lead to imports at such and such a volume, which volume they say would be disastrous to their interests. All too often they secure a rate of tariff which checks imports to a degree exceeding that which they put forward as indispensable to their security. If under the system here advocated these domestic interests were forced by pressure from their compatriots, desiring to export something else, to agree upon a quantity of imports from a given source which might be admitted, that quantity would be greater than the volume likely to be achieved by the attempt to fix a level of import tariff which would be fair and equitable. After all, when discussion is proceeding about an appropriate level for an import tariff the only technical evidence available is that of the domestic interests, and it is obviously human nature for them to present their evidence with an emphasis upon the dangers of an excess of imports rather than the contrary.

There is, however, a still more powerful argument which can be used in relation to the situation which must exist in the world at large at the end of the war. We cannot hope for immunity from a certain degree of general instability, not to say chaos, in economic matters after so huge a disturbance.

The reaction of everybody to a state of chaos is inevitably one of safety-first. High tariffs and import prohibitions would be the first thought of all domestic interests under a safety-first impulse. On the other hand, there will be a great need for primaries in the exhausted countries of the war zone and a great surplus of them in the primary producing countries which have been shut off from their markets. This situation will open the way to immediate quantitative deals in these primary products, and nothing will be better calculated to promote a rapid return to genuine exchange of commodities, which is the real basis of international trade, than that these deals in primaries, which will be urgently necessary, should be balanced by quantitative arrangements covering the products of the industries which the war damaged countries will wish to restore with all speed.

The last of the three possible criticisms was that there would never be a widespread acceptance of that part of the proposals which involves low tariffs within the stipulated quantities. This possible criticism has been partly met in what I have said above. It is no doubt true that domestic interests which enjoyed high protection before the war would tend to resist low tariffs, but those contending interests within the particular country concerned who desired to promote the country's export trade would have a fresh and powerful lever to overcome this resistance. They would be able to argue that the low tariffs could not result in the swamping of the domestic manufacturers or producers because the quantitative limit would apply should the low tariffs tend to make the flood of imports overwhelming. No doubt as in all matters of this kind many of the debates would end in a compromise, but I suggest strongly that under the conditions envisaged the compromises which are inevitable would all tend in the direction of lower tariffs. This would lead to increased consumption at the lower price levels and in due course the domestic manufacturers, benefiting from the increased consumption, would have their fears softened and might then be persuaded to acquiesce in still further developments of the fundamental policy.

Much more might be said in elaboration of these proposals but the present intention is only to sketch them out on the broadest lines. Details can better be filled in after the principles have been discussed by the many different interests who will be affected.

It only remains, on the present occasion, to emphasize that this cannot be otherwise than a very abbreviated treatment

of a vast and complex problem. Other facets of the question of export trade policy will require new and vigorous treatment alongside the negotiation of the quantitative trade agreements. Currency and exchange policy will be dominant factors and will have to be framed on new lines: in re-building the fabric of international monetary exchange the certainty and stability of the proposed régime of controlled quantitative commodity exchanges would play an important part. Internal taxation policy will be a matter of primary importance in export trade. For Britain particularly, and in some industries more than others, specialization will have to play its part—we must produce for export not so much what other countries rightly wish to manufacture themselves but the things in which we have the power to make ourselves supreme. Research comes in here and industrial organization. When the Export Council was formed early in 1940 some of us had dreams of the post-war possibilities of such a link between government and export trades: it may be well to revive these ideas when the war ends. There may be room, also, for new developments in market research and sales promotion.

All these and many other topics deserve and require fuller treatment, but in spite of their importance they come second to the vital question of the basis for international policy in the exchange of commodities, and upon that issue we need to make up our minds and seek out those who can be induced to share our aspirations.

(*Mr. Streat was formerly Director and Secretary of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce and, after a period at the Board of Trade as Secretary of the Export Council, is now Chairman of the Cotton Board.*)

OPPORTUNITY AND VOCATION

By John Armitage

SHORTLY before Christmas the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council published a letter in *The Times* under the heading of "Foundations of Peace." This letter, it will be remembered, accepted the five points of Pope Pius XII as "basic principles for the ordering of international life" and added "five standards by which economic situations and proposals may be tested." One of these standards—and it is the one with which I am here concerned—stated:

> The sense of a Divine vocation must be restored to man's daily work.

In January the Archbishop of York held a Conference at Malvern. The findings have been published under the title of *The Life of the Church and the Order of Society** and they begin with a definition of the disease of civilization and endorse both the five points and the five standards as set out in the letter to *The Times*. Accordingly it must be accepted that the members of that Conference, myself included, found no difficulty in assuming that it was possible to restore a sense of a Divine vocation to man's daily work. The Conference elaborated this assumption in the following statement:

> The Church should strive to keep alive in all men and in all functional groups a sense of vocation by constantly calling upon them to consider what is the purpose of their various activities, and to keep this true to the purpose of God for His people.

Fine words, but in the ears of the last remnant of spiritual man engaged in industry they must sound hollow. For industrial man "Divine vocation" are words without meaning and the fact that the Malvern findings include the statement that "human status ought not to depend upon the changing demands of the economic process" does not overcome the difficulty that in practice it does. Industrial man is no longer a craftsman, he is a machine minder.

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*Published by The Industrial Christian Fellowship, The Vicarage, 1, Broadway, Westminster, S.W 1. Price 2d. (by post 3d.)

I have in my hands a document which was addressed to youth. It advises youth on the correct Christian attitude towards its job. It seems to reflect the attitude of the Malvern findings and to present their practical implications. It says:

1. Refuse a job if it makes no contribution to the welfare of others.
2. Choose your job in civilian life for two reasons: because it gives scope for your talents, and because it offers the best available chance of service to the people round you. Don't let salary, and superannuation prospects, be your only guide.

What would this mean in practice? It would mean in the kind of peace that we have known during the 'twenties and 'thirties an indefinite stand in the unemployment queue waiting, like an etherealized Mr. Macawber, for something compatible with the Christian conscience to turn up. And who would support this Christian during his long wait? Certainly not Mr. Bevin who thinks, when a job is open, that a man ought to be pleased to fill it. Nor would industry be anything less than surprised to find that when it offered work, good conditions and good pay that the Church opposed it on the grounds of vocation. One can imagine the astonishment of the Commissioner of the Special Areas, in the years before the war, if he had been prevented from setting up a factory in a black spot of unemployment by the argument that no one in that district had a vocation for the kind of work he was able to introduce. One can hear him replying that in that case they had better find a sense of vocation and look sharp about it.

We can see the problem of vocation more clearly if we examine the work of the Junior Instructional Centres. It used to be one of the stumbling blocks of these Centres that a boy would show aptitude for one kind of work, for which the Educational authorities desired to reserve him, and accept an entirely different kind which the Ministry of Labour offered him. The Educational authorities argued, naturally enough, on vocational lines but the Ministry of Labour, who paid the piper (the educational authority) and expected to call the tune, asked tersely whether the more suitable job was available. As a rule it was not; nor could it be guaranteed.

What seems desirable, therefore, is not that the Church should forego its right to make pronouncements on the principles which should govern man's economic activity but that it should pay more attention to the practical problems which beset the Christian who has an ear to hear and is anxious to hear with it. Between the daily work which the Christian knows in the office and the workshop and the advice he receives

from the pulpit there is a great gulf fixed. How to bridge this gulf is one of the problems but it certainly cannot be done by statements which bear no relation to the situation in which the Christian finds himself.

What is, in a few sentences, his present situation? It is the dull office routine job, mechanized perhaps to the point of boredom, in which he, a very small Christian cog, fits into a mammoth commercial wheel revolving under the direction of forces over which he has no control. Nor would control spiritually alter his position. His cog-like function would remain dull and, on the whole, remote from fellowship. He sees no purpose in his daily task.

Meantime, in the factory, his brother, a single process worker attends machines which need minding but no skill. Or, in a mass production factory, he is for so many hours for so much pay, slave to a moving belt. His sister is no better employed, winding, packing and wrapping, in industries which train nimble fingers but make no demands upon the brain. Even in the engineering industries the skilled man on the lathe is constantly challenged by the few months taught trainee while mechanization has turned miners into labourers underground.

This is not a new position as witness this passage from a story of Arnold Bennett but it is a robot-making movement which daily steals new ground. Mary Beechinor worked in the " band-and-line " department, painting broad and thin lines on cups and saucers.

> Forty-eight hours a week Mary Beechinor sat before her whirler. Actuating the treadle, she placed a piece of ware on the flying disc, and with a single unerring flip of the finger pushed it precisely to the centre; then she held the full brush firmly against the ware, and in three seconds the band encircled it truly; another brush taken up, and the line below the band also stood complete. And this process was repeated, with miraculous swiftness, hour after hour, week after week, year after year. Mary could decorate over thirty dozen cups and saucers in a day, at three-half-pence the dozen. " Doesn't she ever do anything else? " some visitor might curiously inquire, whom Titus Price was showing over his ramshackle manufactory. " No, always the same thing," Titus would answer, made proud for the moment of this phenomenon of stupendous monotony.*

All this is disturbing enough but not so disturbing to the Church as the second fact which must be faced. The Church has not yet made its compromise with machines; man has. Man is demanding not a sense of vocation but security of work, short hours and good pay. The Church is therefore in the difficult

**Mary with the High Hand.*

position of being forced to decide between an outworn conception of theology and the prospect of man's subservience to machines which it still feels to be wrong. In this decision it must make haste. Its officers, the parish priests, have struggled valiantly with the problem although all too conscious that their message is lacking in reality in industrial areas. Congregations have dwindled to what must surely be a working minimum except in a few exceptional places where the priest has struck out on a line which is virtually his own. The Church has shown marked weakness in its attitude towards the industrial revolution for it has preferred to fight rearguard actions and to make strategic withdrawals rather than to fight its new battles on ground of its own choosing.

What seems to be wanted is a new definition of vocation, to life perhaps and not to daily work. Industry knows that much of its work is dull and among other things the National Institute of Industrial Psychology is engaged to make the monotony less real. A less recognized function would seem to be to eliminate the mind. Movements are taught which once learnt can be continued mechanically and almost indefinitely with the stimulation of rest periods and music while you work. It is grievous indeed to watch the elimination of the mind and it is not difficult to anticipate the time when the mind, in all key jobs, will be the only factor capable of error, so perfect will be the precision of machines. To inexperienced Christian ears the prospect sounds appalling but it must be borne in mind that short hours and the total elimination of the mind is much to be preferred to long hours and the concentration of the mind on monotonous mechanized tasks. When the brain is not occupied with the job it can be thinking about something else and in small units a real fellowship can spring up.

With these thoughts in mind one can understand the almost demonic appeal of the measures put forward in Germany by Dr. Ley. The fact that in Christian eyes the German workman has been forced to barter his freedom and his soul to the Nazi Party—for the Labour Front of which Dr. Ley is head is primarily a Party organization—is not so evident to a man who has known little security and is now offered it with some additional attractions like holidays with pay and *Kraft durch Freude*. We must be grateful that the English character is jealous of its freedom since to a de-Christianized society, towards which we have been rapidly moving, the Fascists programme would provide the illusion of meeting every need. It is still the danger and we must beware lest the 'good' news

from Bethnal Green should spread.* The bulwark of the rights of individual man is the Christian doctrine of the sacredness of the human personality. If and when that doctrine is finally abandoned there will be little defence against the fascist Mephistopheles who wishes to regiment the poverty-stricken Fausts to his own ends. This is an additional reason why the Christian should be at war with the economic problems which result in inequality and unemployment.

Actually the whole economic structure militates against a sense of vocation. A child's future occupation depends not on vocational inspiration or guidance but on the number of jobs and the kind of job available in his district. Some effort is usually made to determine what it is that a child would like to be but as John and Sylvia Jewkes have made so clear in their book *The Juvenile Labour Market* the relationship between ambition and opportunity is generally remote. Moreover a child's ambition is usually circumscribed by the opportunity it knows, namely the occupations, often one major industry, available in the town or district.

What happens most frequently is that a child is engaged for a period in a number of different blind-alley occupations frittering away his most impressionable years as a tool for those who care nothing for the development of his mind. If he escapes being an errand boy he may join his sister in a light industry which depends for its profits on the deft movements and the low wages of the young. By twenty he is again on the labour market, thinking of marriage and bringing up a family, but without a vocation and ready to accept anything which will bring in a reasonable wage. It is possible that the point might be met with a full scale training scheme at the age of 20 which would enable many to get a fresh start. But this could hardly be satisfactory to the Church which must regard the period of adolescence between 14 and 20 as the most formative of a man's character while to abandon him at that time to the wrong influences would still be spiritual suicide.

It is possible that the Church will find a way out on lines other than a direct attack on mechanization of industry. Such an attack would almost certainly be repulsed and at the present time a defeat would be a great disaster for the Church. The alternative is not necessarily to do nothing, a course which commends itself to very many, but to make the approach in an

*Sir Oswald Mosley was accustomed to hold mass meetings on Bethnal Green to the indignation of the "B.G." inhabitants, who resented not only the noise of the blaring loud-speakers, but the "foreign" audience imported by lorry.

entirely different way once the difficult questions of theology have been settled. According to the findings of the Malvern Conference the Christian doctrine of man

> requires that men shall have an opportunity to become the best of which they are capable and shall find in the prosecution of their daily tasks fulfilment and not frustration of their human nature. This involves in our own time such an adjustment of machine-production as to secure that the use and service of machinery may be a true vocation.

If it is possible to imagine that vocation in this sense is established, providing that the machines are working for the benefit of the consumer and not to bring profits to the producer, then it will only be necessary to settle the compromise on man's relationship to his daily work or tasks.

The solution would appear to be more easily found if the Church made its approach along the path of education. The most obvious evil of our present time is that the child is pitchforked into industry at an age when its sense of values is undeveloped and with the result that it comes immediately under the wrong formative influences. These influences are primarily the monotony of factory conditions which produce the mass mind and lose for the child all sense of spiritual or social status. If the Church could say that no child should come under these influences until 18 and declare that any industry which depended for its life on cheap, juvenile labour was unjust and in need of reorganization a great step forward would have been made. Creative influences could then be imparted during adolescence and the child on going out into the world would have something to sustain it and a basis for judgment. Even then it would be necessary to insist on short hours for all those engaged on machine minding tasks, so that their spiritual life should have some chance of survival.

If the Church took this line it would no doubt raise a hornet's nest of opposition. Family allowances would become essential and industry would proclaim that it was unable to compete in world markets. Yet the Church could look to other countries which manage without juvenile labour and point to the blessings of a simpler society than the one we know at present. It would remain to be seen whether a new age of good education, good housing, security of employment, and a full life enjoyed in leisure would again put spiritual man upon his feet. At the moment he is staggering under a succession of blows. In the democracies it is unemployment which provides the knock-out and in the fascist countries it is the cult of state.

THE HOME FRONT WAR

By G. R. Strauss, M.P.

WE are fighting desperately to preserve our Freedom—our independence as a nation and our individual liberties. The conflict is not confined to one arena. An important one, too often ignored because it is so unspectacular, is at home. It is dangerous to neglect it because if we do, we may find on the morrow of our victory that the very thing we have been fighting for has unaccountably disappeared. Let us therefore survey this battlefield.

The curtailment of some individual liberties in time of war is, of course, inevitable. When the community as a whole is threatened by a foreign enemy, the Government of the day would be failing in its duty if it did not restrict the activities of any minority that endangered the common safety. Not only the property and life of every citizen, but, where necessary, his peacetime freedom must then be put at the disposal of the State. This general principle is self-evident. Controversy arises only in its application. The issue is not *whether* liberties have to be suspended, but *to what extent*.

The tendency of those charged with the national safety is to go the whole hog. Ministers conceive it their duty to eliminate every danger, however remote it may appear. They are unwilling to take any risk. If they did, and by some mis-chance the improbable were to happen with unfortunate results, they would be charged with having left undone those things which they ought to have done. They therefore become impatient with those who resist their demands.

No one would suggest for a moment that there is anything vicious in their attitude. They act with the best intentions. The Minister who asks Parliament for autocratic emergency powers considers himself as liberty-loving as anybody else. He regards the suggestion that they may be abused as a personal attack on his integrity. So he resents the distrust of those who oppose his application and dubs them "liberal theoreticians" while he himself is the sole realist.

But Members of Parliament who object to seeing the

cherished liberties of the individual disappear under the excuse of war necessity are not animated by personal suspicion of the Minister. They have in mind much wider considerations. One is their knowledge that the pledges of the Government as to the non-abuse of the emergency powers accorded to them are of little value. They remember Edmund Burke's saying that "People never give up their liberties but under some delusion."

It has happened many times that a Minister—usually the Home Secretary—has come to Parliament and asked for the abrogation of an old-established public right because of some new threat to the national safety. He makes out a plausible case. He meets, nevertheless, with strong opposition in the House which he tries to overcome by saying something like this—"Honourable Members know me, and surely need have no fear that I will misuse the authority which I am now seeking. If there should be any suspicion on this score however, I here and now give this pledge on behalf, not only of myself, but the Government. If the House grants us these powers, they will only be used to counter this specific danger which threatens us to-day, and only then in the most extreme case."

But Governments change, and Ministers even more rapidly, and then we find that powers reluctantly accorded by Parliament are subsequently used on occasions and for purposes which are in direct violation of the undertaking given at the time of their enactment.

For example, there was the *Incitement to Disaffection Act* passed in 1934 to deal with traitors who might be trying to suborn the loyalty of the Armed Forces. In 1937 under this Act a student of 18, a boy of exemplary character, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment because of a foolish letter he sent to an Army Corporal. If such a result had been envisaged at the time the Bill was before the House, it would never have been agreed to.

In 1936 the *Public Order Act* was passed to deal with the Fascist disturbances in the East End of London. Almost directly afterwards it was used to arrest miners in a colliery dispute at Harworth.

Another striking example occurred recently in connection with what is perhaps the major libertarian conflict on the Home Front—the freedom of the Press. The Government decided that the *Daily Worker* was injuring the war effort. The merits of this decision are irrelevant to the issue I am discussing. What is important is not whether any action

should have been taken against this paper (I personally agree it should), but what action. Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Minister of Home Security, could have proceeded in two ways. One involved going to the Courts; the other the signing of a Government fiat. He chose the latter, in spite of the fact that his predecessor, Sir John Anderson, had definitely given Parliament to understand only a few months previously, that such action would only be taken in time of actual invasion. Sir John's words were:—

> The reason why it seemed, not merely to the Home Secretary but to the Government, that a Regulation of this kind, admittedly very drastic, was necessary is this: the invasion, the over-running, in a very short space of time, of Holland, Belgium and part of France, brought home to us in a way it had never been brought home to us before, that we in this country were exposed to perils of a kind that most of us had never before imagined. What we have to ask ourselves, and what the Government had to ask themselves, before deciding to make this very drastic Regulation, was whether if the direst peril we can imagine were to come upon us, if we were to find ourselves undergoing trials never before experienced, it would be tolerable that there should at that moment, when the resolution of some of the weakest among us might be shaken or be in danger of being shaken, be allowed even for a short time the systematic publication of matter calculated to foment opposition to the prosecution of the war to a successful issue.

This statement came after a long debate in which opposition was voiced to the granting of these powers on the grounds that they interfered too seriously with the liberty of the Press. It was only on Sir John Anderson's assurance that the Defence Regulation was passed.

It may be argued that Mr. Morrison's action in suppressing the *Daily Worker* under this Regulation was subsequently endorsed by Parliament. But this is no answer. Entirely new considerations appeared at this stage. What was certainly uppermost in the minds of Members during that debate (apart from the passions which invariably arise at the mention of the word "Communist") was that a vote against the Home Secretary's action would be a vote of "No Confidence" in the Government. Any doubts which Members might have had as to the wisdom of the Home Secretary's decision were overshadowed by that major consideration.

Anyhow, there can be no doubt about this. The suppression of the *Daily Worker* may or may not have weakened the influence of the Communist Party, but it certainly had a most serious effect on the independence of the Press as a whole.

Take the case of the *Daily Mirror*. I quote this paper only because the facts have been exposed, but I have no doubt

similar action has been taken with other papers. The *Daily Mirror* for some time freely expressed public discontents, attacked Ministers whom it considered were not doing their job properly, and urged a more vigorous war effort. Several approaches were made to the Editor by Members of the Cabinet. No direct threat was made, but he was told politely and firmly that in the view of the Government the paper's attitude was damaging the national interests. This charge was general and when challenged could not be substantiated with any specific complaints. Then came the sudden suppression of the *Daily Worker*. From this it was clear that if, in the opinion of the Government, a paper's attitude is harming the war effort—Presto, it is closed down by a stroke of the pen. There is no opportunity of appeal, no bar of justice where the Government would have to justify its action, and where the paper could make its reply. Now I do not, of course, know what happened in the privacy of the Directors' Board Room, but it does not need much imagination. It was doubtless urged there that the political line of the paper was endangering the investment of all the paper's shareholders as well as the employment of its entire staff. What we do know for certain is that there was a sudden and complete change in its tone.

The freedom of the Press is of course bound to be in jeopardy in wartime. Naturally no newspaper can be allowed to print matter which might be useful to the enemy. But the question is, what is likely to be useful to him? The number and whereabouts of troops and ships, acrodromes and arms factories, obviously. But it does not benefit him to be told, for example, after a raid in which a thousand people have been killed, that the casualties were not " unduly heavy." It certainly infuriates the people of the blitzed city to hear that sort of statement the next day while they are valiantly struggling back to normality.

There are some who consider it desirable, in the interests of morale, to suppress unfavourable news. The contrary view has fortunately prevailed, and the rule has now been firmly established that no facts, however unpleasant, shall be falsified in the official communiqués. We may not be sure of getting all the facts, and the comment on adverse news may be highly coloured, but it is at any rate a victory for the cause of freedom, and a tribute to democracy that no attempt is made to feed us on deliberate lies. It can, I think, be said that our censorship procedure is reasonably satisfactory. It has two admirable characteristics. The first is that it works on a semi-voluntary basis, relying largely on the co-operation and goodwill of the

Press. The second is that the work of this department can be questioned in the House through the Minister responsible for its activities. It is true that some few months ago Mr. Duff Cooper suggested a compulsory censorship scheme, but that was quickly dropped in the face of the intense opposition it aroused. This was also an important victory. Nevertheless, it left behind it an atmosphere of ill-will and suspicion between the Ministry and Fleet Street which has not yet been entirely dissipated.

But more important than the factual censorship of the Press is the constant attempt which is made by the authorities to stop it voicing criticism of the Government. One can understand the motives of Ministers. They hold that everything which tends to create discontent is bad. They do not want anything to be said or written which might shake the people out of their complacency, as this would be contrary to the national interest.

But we must remember that every Government identifies its own welfare with that of the nation. The temptation to do so in wartime is far greater. Ministers really believe that exposure and criticism of their personal mistakes, incompetence or stupidity should be suppressed for fear public morale might be undermined. They look upon any newspaper that appears to be becoming too independent and outspoken as an unconscious Fifth Column element which must be quickly brought into line. So they proceed to action as in the case of the *Daily Mirror*.

The public would be surprised if it were aware of the degree of interference with the Press by individual Ministers. It is not a question of a rare approach but rather a constant process. What happens in practice is this. A Minister, let us say, brings out a new Order. The next morning one of the national Dailies prints a mildly critical comment. The Editor has barely arrived in his office when he is rung up by the Minister responsible for the Order who tells him curtly that he ought to be ashamed of himself pouring cold water on a proposal that is essential for the successful prosecution of the war, and which requires the co-operation of the whole nation. He must stop it instantly. And of course the Editor does, because he knows the dire penalties lurking in the background if he refuses. Certainly on one such recent occasion it would have been greatly in the interests of the Minister and the national war effort if the paper's criticism had been listened to instead of suppressed.

The danger of a subservient Press in wartime needs no argument. The efficiency of the war machine, which now so completely involves the whole life of the nation, depends on the freedom of the public to criticize and bring sufficient public pressure to bear on the authorities so that defects can be exposed and remedied. That is the strength of a democratic as against a Fascist régime. In the last war many serious faults, which if left might have been fatal, were only put right as a result of an aware and impatient public opinion. Independent vigilant criticism is even more necessary to-day and His Majesty's Government should welcome it.

There is another aspect of this question. Is the Government view correct that it is demoralizing for the Press to give too much attention to public complaints? The truth is rather that the people will become demoralized if their real discontents are ignored by the newspapers and insufficiently expressed by their representatives in Parliament. The citizen likes to see his grievances publicly voiced—whether he is a workman who considers he has been given a raw deal over wages; a housewife angry over some hanky-panky with the rations; a shopkeeper whose business has been ruined by evacuation; or an engineer in a factory who sees waste and inefficiency in Government methods. If his views are nowhere expressed he gets a sense of frustration. He feels infinitely better if his complaint becomes the subject of public controversy. Then, if it is remediable it will be remedied, and if not he will be told why. All this may be a nuisance to the authorities but it certainly creates a more willing spirit of national co-operation, and with it a greater readiness to bear the hardships of the war.

A few months ago there was an interesting example of direct pressure on the whole British Press, which was particularly undesirable, and which it is hoped will not be repeated. Anxiety was widely felt and expressed by some Members of Parliament and by a few newspapers about a body called the Swinton Committee, set up by the Government to check, in co-operation with M.I.5., undefined subversive activities of a political nature. The Prime Minister himself stated that he did not want this matter further pursued and official instructions were issued to the Press to make no mention of it. Some newspapers, however, went so far as to quote questions asked in Parliament by Members who refused to be muzzled, and the replies given by the Prime Minister. The revelations resulting from these enquiries did, in spite of Mr. Churchill's attitude, quickly bear fruit. The Swinton Committee was re-

constituted, an existing member resigned, and Alfred Wall, a prominent Trade Unionist and Isaac Foot, the well-known Liberal ex-M.P. were added. This change reassured an anxious public. It would not have taken place if the Government's demand for complete silence had been fully obeyed.

It may be asked—what is to be done to a Pacifist newspaper that expresses the view that the war should stop? Should that be suppressed for the sake of national unity? The correct answer is surely no. If the nation is wholeheartedly behind the war such a newspaper can have no significant effect. Anyhow, one cannot suppress opinion by banning the paper that expresses it. On the contrary, the probable effect will be to increase support for its point of view. For the matter is not speech what has been banned in the Press. Martyrs are created logically prosecute those individuals who advocate in public speech what has been banned in the press. Martyrs are created and a tide of public sympathy will flow towards their cause that would never otherwise have been achieved.

The final and conclusive argument for the maximum freedom of the Press in wartime is the lesson of France. There has been a spate of articles and books by observers on the causes that led to that country's collapse. Their views vary on many points, but on one thing they are unanimous—the disastrous effect of the strict political censorship of the French Press. The people did not know that fatal weaknesses existed inside the Government, including treachery in high places. Ignorant of what was really happening they were unable to eradicate those defects which finally led their country to defeat and humiliation.

War endangers another of our liberties—the right of each man to hold and express whatever political opinions he likes. The Government is entitled to limit this right in one respect and in one respect only. No man, if the national safety is threatened, can be free to weaken the war effort by deliberately spreading false news or by discouraging the production of defence. Nor, in an ideological war such as the one we are now engaged in, may he advocate the political philosophy we are fighting against. This principle does not seem to me to have been infringed by the internments that have taken place under Regulation 18.B.

Indeed it has on no occasion been directly violated by the Government. The right of Conscientious Objectors to refrain from participation in the armed conflict has been fully preserved; better, perhaps, than in the last war. But in-

directly this principle has been flouted by the B.B.C. with the support of the Minister of Information. The B.B.C. decided that an artist should be banned from the microphone if he was associated with a party, however legal it may be, which, in the opinion of the Governors, was not supporting the war effort. This is pure Fascism. Every decent person condemned the Nazis when they did precisely the same thing. It was outrageous, we all declared, that an actor or a singer should not be allowed to perform because he refused to swallow the Nazi creed. But what difference was there between that and the B.B.C. when its Governors barred Michael Redgrave from broadcasting because he had signed his name to the People's Convention, and Sir Hugh Roberton with his Orpheus Choir, because he was a Pacifist?

The Battle of the B.B.C. went on for many weeks, at first with little success for its critics. Mr. Duff Cooper vigorously supported the Board of Governors (reduced to two at the outbreak of the war) and rounded on those who objected to its policy. It was not until the B.B.C. started applying its ban wholesale to those who had supported the People's Convention, which included a number of well known and popular performers, that a public agitation developed. The B.B.C.'s crowning infamy was to tell Mr. Alan Busch that not only would he not be allowed to broadcast himself, but in future none of his compositions would be put on the air. Doubtless this was flattering to Mr. Busch, for the only similar known instance is Dr. Goebbels' prohibition of the works of Mendelssohn. But this was too much. Writers, actors and musicians were up in arms. Dr. Vaughan Williams made a grand gesture in demanding the return of a composition he had written for the B.B.C. at their request. Many newspapers expressed their disgust. Forty Members of Parliament tabled a motion of protest, which it was known had the sympathy of several Ministers. Mr. Churchill came to the rescue and ordered a reversal of the Government's policy. This was perhaps the major victory so far recorded for the liberty of the subject on the Home Front. One of its sequels has been the restoration of the B.B.C's. governors to their pre-war number.

Suppression of such elementary rights of freedom is a potent cause of that "alarm and despondency" which the Government is so anxious to avoid. The damage is not confined to a limited number of intellectuals. Every professional man is outraged by the knowledge that if this principle is accepted he

may one day himself be forced to accept a political doctrine which is abhorrent to him, or risk starvation. And every aware workman appreciates that the example set by the Government may well be followed by his employer, and political victimization become a general rule of industry. If once that happens, will his vital right of association with his fellow-workers in Trade Unions for mutual protection be tampered with too? He will begin to question whether this is really a war to preserve our liberties. He will ask himself whether there may not be, after all, some truth in the Communist propaganda that there is little difference between the British Government and Hitler. There is no better way than this of disrupting the unity of the people behind the Government's war effort.

But the harm done goes far beyond our own shores. For it is not only the people of this country who are disturbed. The people of the United States prize liberty at least as deeply as we do. Such instances are quickly taken up by one of the many hostile organizations there, whose purpose it is to exploit any development likely to discredit the cause of Anglo-American friendship.

Liberties which have taken decades of struggle to establish can be wiped out in a moment by a stroke of the pen. It is certain that if we lose this war all our liberties will go. But there is also a real danger that in the heat of battle some of our vital liberties may slip from us. This may happen unchallenged and unnoticed, through the passage of some apparently inoffensive-looking Defence of the Realm regulation, or by activities behind the scenes of which the public is quite unaware.

It is foolish to shrug our shoulders and think it does not matter, as our liberties will be restored in full when Peace is declared. Foolish because the retention of many of these liberties is essential for winning the war; and we can have no confidence that we will regain them in the chaotic conditions that are likely to exist in the immediate post-war situation. It is just then, while the Peace terms are being drawn up and the future economic structure of our country is being settled that the maximum political freedom will be imperative. The temptation, at that moment, of our possibly distracted leaders to gag what it may consider awkward minorities and disruptive elements will be strong.

Surveying the events of the last eighteen months one is entitled to be moderately optimistic about the battle for Freedom on the Home Front. The most hopeful feature has been

the determination of enlightened public opinion to defend the liberty of the individual even at moments of desperate military crisis. New attacks are sure to develop and call for our eternal vigilance. The assaults will come with no flourish of trumpets, but quietly, unobtrusively. We must never forget Lord Chesterfield's saying:

> Let us consider that arbitrary power has seldom or never been introduced into any country at once. It must be introduced by slow degrees, and as it were step by step, lest the people should see its approach.

(*Mr. Strauss has been Labour Member of Parliament for the North Lambeth division of London since 1934 and previously from 1929-31.*)

REFLECTIONS ON A NEW SOCIAL ORDER

By Lord Elton

ALTHOUGH New Social Order is a somewhat question-begging label, perplexing to millions who would secretly like nothing better than a return, if that were possible, to the Britain of 1939, the instinct which prompts men to fix their eyes on a brighter future is eminently proper as well as eminently natural. That it contains a considerable element of escapism is suggested by the curiously close analogy of the interest aroused in a future Land Fit for Heroes in the dark days of an earlier world war; but then escapism is a very human, and, within limits, a valuable instinct. And it is both natural and proper to feel that a nation which has toiled and suffered so prodigiously and so cheerfully in war-time must not relax into apathy when faced once more with the problems of peace; and that a people which has shewn itself so stout-hearted has earned the best its rulers can make of the future. Great good is frequently wrested out of great evil, and many of the great advances have been made from some tremendous crossroads, at which humanity might have taken, instead, a long stride back towards barbarism. It is natural therefore to feel that this war would be almost too cruelly purposeless to bear, if it could not somehow be turned to signal and enduring profit.

All this is abundantly true. It by no means follows, however, as the incautious seem too apt to assume, that, because it is difficult not to believe that some social advance will follow the war, therefore the ground plan of any New Social Order sketched just now by well meaning amateurs should be accepted with indiscriminating enthusiasm. Yet so eagerly have some prostrated themselves before the new Jerusalems now beginning to be exhibited by their various patentees, that they almost appear to assume that, granted reasonable goodwill and industrious committee-work, the war will almost automatically usher in a golden age—in which case, as somebody has already pointed out, it seems a pity that the war did not break out fifteen years earlier. The only consequence of victory upon

which we can certainly rely is that it will have rid us, and the world, of the rule of gangsterdom; a negative consequence but a tremendous one. More positive results, such as a more moral social order, we may well hope for, but cannot rely upon achieving.

There is a good deal, it seems to me, which can already be said with some confidence about post-war society. But before saying it, it is well to make some cautionary reflections upon New Social Ordering as we have seen it up to date. The most obvious characteristic of those who are now busiest planning is of course that they have time to plan; they are persons not wholly preoccupied with the war effort. Those who have any contact with what may be called non-vocal opinion among the general public will be aware that this arouses a half-humorous, but widespread, resentment. And there is certainly a good deal to be said for the view that the persons best qualified, as well as best entitled, to shape the world which is to follow the peace are the men and women, soldiers and civilians, who have fought and won the war. What was chiefly wrong with Britain after the last war was that too many of its intellectual leaders were men who had survived the war by evading the posts of danger in it. In a struggle the worst of which was fought without conscription the destined leaders of the post-war generation mostly perished; the men of ability who did survive were too often hopelessly out of touch with the common humanity whose sacrifices they were secretly conscious of not having shared. The crisis of the present struggle for survival is hardly the time at which to open controversial discussions as to the political changes to be, nor are the men and women who are free, and willing, to embark on them the persons to whom we should wish to commit the shaping of the future.

An unpleasing symptom of many of the nostrums recently pressed upon us has been that they have been lifted bodily out of the past, often indeed being panaceas dating from the Victorian era, which the electorate has been steadily rejecting for the last fifty years. It is well to remember that, whatever else the new age may be, it will almost certainly be a *new* age. The political programmes of the past—Conservative, Liberal, Socialist, Communist, Vegetarian, what you will—can be but partially relevant to the unpredictable demands of an era which can only dimly be foreseen. To attempt, as some seem to be attempting, to turn the world's present agony into a smoke-screen for the advance of controversial theories, widely debated,

but never accepted, in the past, is a base form of war-profiteering. Let us get the new social order into perspective. Desirable as it is, natural consequence of the war though it may be, it is not for a new social order that we are fighting. We are fighting to defeat the dictators, and to preserve the British way of life. And to suggest (as has been suggested) that the British will not put their whole hearts into the struggle unless they are promised certain semi-revolutionary changes in the structure of society which happen to be advocated by a particular minority, is a childish underestimate of their quality. The same people, after all, doggedly fought against Napoleon, and for the same reason—in order to preserve the British way of life—before any of the social advances with which we are familiar to-day had been thought of, and without any being promised them. The war speeches of William Pitt indeed, though they are not concerned with new social orders, strikingly resemble the war speeches of Winston Churchill, and whole passages in them could be delivered, unaltered, but completely apposite, to-day.

The unflattering suggestion that we shall only fight wholeheartedly if we are guaranteed a series of highly controversial post-war changes which will put an end to Britain as we knew it, usually carries with it the curious suggestion that the old Britain, to which we said goodbye (and for a vast majority of us it was in fact a regretful goodbye) in September, 1939, was a shameful example of social inertia and backwardness. From some of the diatribes now launched at the immediate past, one might almost suppose that children, in 1939, had been working twelve hours a day in the factories, women toiling in the mines and the unemployed starving on the Embankment. Let us recall, then, that in 1939 we had for several years been building a thousand houses a day, the equivalent, that is, of a city the size of Birmingham every year; that we had halved the mortality of mothers and children in childbirth, and brought the death rate from tuberculosis, that surest and grimmest indicator of malnutrition, to a new low record; that we had added three pounds to the average weight of elementary schoolchildren and enormously developed the social services; in short that in general the standard of life in this country was probably higher than anywhere else in the world. There were plenty of social scandals, no doubt, some of the worst of them, incidentally, scandals in which it was impossible to interest politicians—but to pretend, as some people are now pretending, that British society in 1939 was something to be ashamed

of, is merely to repeat Hitler's propaganda for him. Why not say that we were a decadent demo-plutocracy, and have done with it?

Lastly, there are two common defects in the New Social Orders, as now being designed in Committee, which are particularly illuminating, I think, as to the nature of the New Social Order, as it is likely in fact to take shape. A blue-print widely circulated of late by a popular journal was characteristic of much of this propaganda, and of the people who are busy with it, in that it presented a wholly materialist Utopia. As might be expected, there will be less work, more money, more amusements, more education; but, as far as can be seen, there will be no spiritual basis of society whatever. And yet, if anything stands out apparent from the history of the last hundred years it is surely that the world finds itself in its present plight precisely because for too long too many people have thought exclusively in terms of material benefits, a Good Time for themselves. Moreover, all the New Social Orders are of a highly *a priori* character. Planned in study, office or committee room, they emerge as paper constitutions of a familiar, and fatal, kind. This country has never taken kindly to rigid systems, or paper constitutions. It has preferred, on the whole, to proceed empirically, meeting each problem as it arose, by the compass-bearing, so to speak, of that general consensus as to the broad line of advance which has almost always underlain superficial party controversies. There are countries—France, with its excessive respect for logic, has been a conspicuous example—which have displayed a consistent taste for paper constitutions, almost invariably with the most disastrous results. But our greatest reforms have seldom been manufactured; they have grown, sometimes apparently all but haphazard. And so at any given moment in our history our institutions have always carried within them the embryo of those which would replace them. To-day, with the normal processes of growth so vastly accelerated by the abnormal strains of war, this is doubly true. Already, for the seeing eye, the future is taking shape all around us. Much of the New Social Order needs little planning now; the ground work of it is here already, the result of inexorable circumstances, and our instinctive reactions to them. The ground plan of post-war society will be dictated much less by the deliberate theorizing of self-chosen, unofficial planners, than by a whole series of official decisions and instinctive expedients, adopted to meet the urgent problems of the moment. Nor does this mean that

the society of the future will grow blindly, at haphazard. In its piecemeal grapple with particular problems, and in the social improvisations called forth by a succession of crises, an ancient, organic, and long-experienced society, such as this, draws instinctively upon funds of wisdom far profounder and more characteristic than those available to any committee of theorists, however expert or altruistic. The time for the more conscious shaping of what will already, as an instinctive projection of the nation's will, be a living growth, will come a little later. And then, it is to be hoped, the men and women who have little time to spare now from winning the war will be better able to play their part.

It is probable that the Ministry of Health alone is already laying out quite a respectable acreage of the structure to be, in the mere process of providing against the present emergencies of the war in the air. The fine new clinics, welfare centres and rest homes which have come into being up and down the country, many of them in mansions to which their owners will never return, will not disappear at the end of the war. The steady extension of state health services, combined with the steady improverishment of the classes which have hitherto maintained the voluntary hospitals by private generosity, will almost certainly mean a state hospital system in the near future. And the war evacuation of school-children from the industrial areas is likely to survive in the form of large annual holiday migrations to country rest-camps, and, very likely, to the homes of some of the country foster-parents who are entertaining them now. Again, the more rational and seemly planning of both town and countryside, and, in particular, of each in relation to the other, is as inevitable a consequence of the war, as the greater rationalization of industry, which will doubtless nevertheless continue to combine, in a characteristically effective, though apparently irrational, compromise, the mechanical efficiency of vast public, and semi-public, undertakings with the friendly elasticity of the small, individual business. But it is its system of education which is the surest test of any society and it is worth considering in a little more detail how far the prologue to the coming educational changes can already be detected, and the broad nature of the changes themselves deduced from it.

It is clear that a rapid process of economic levelling is at work. For thirty years the rich have been growing poorer and the poor richer. The very rich—that has been, and indeed still is, one of the defects of our system—have not been growing

poorer fast enough, for a powerful profiteer can usually pay increased taxation out of increased profits; but with rising taxation and rising prices, all who earn, or receive, any sort of fixed income have been enormously impoverished during the last few decades, while over the same period, thanks not only to rising wages but to steadily developing social services, the real income of the wage-earner has almost correspondingly increased. This in itself has been nothing less than a silent social revolution, a revolution whose speed and scope the war is now progressively accelerating. Once again all the middle range of incomes has been hardest hit—of professional men whose professions vanished overnight, shopkeepers and boarding house owners in evacuated areas, pensioners and rentiers of every description, all of them increasingly taxed and none able to pass on part at least of their taxation to others by insisting on higher wages or higher profits. To many wage-earners, on the other hand, the war has actually brought higher incomes, while bombardment from the air naturally hits the owner of property hardest. In all these ways economic inequalities are being ironed out faster than ever. The effect on the public schools, the most vulnerable salient of the present educational system, is bound to be spectacular. The class which could once pay their formidable fees is rapidly ceasing to be able to do so. Parents who have been accustomed to sending their children to the state schools, as their relative economic status improves, will begin to expect more generous educational opportunities. These two processes will converge at the moment, which cannot be long delayed, when the public schools, all, that is, but a few richly endowed exceptions, are compelled to apply to the state for assistance. State assistance will naturally be accorded only on conditions, of which the chief will presumably be free places for boys from the elementary schools. Once the principle of free places has been accepted, the percentage of them is likely steadily to increase. Meanwhile the children of what is at present the public school class will increasingly be entering the free state elementary schools, for though there may still be a demand for private preparatory day schools it is highly improbable that expensive preparatory boarding schools will survive another generation. This already might be called a new social revolution, destined to obliterate most of the class frontier—save that the word revolution implies something meaner and more artificial than this process of natural evolution.

The public schools will thus be rid of their chief defect; they

will no longer be a class preserve. Will they be allowed to maintain their chief merit, their traditional emphasis on the training of character? And here it is well to recall, in passing, the long literary campaign of defamation waged against the public schools since the last world war. A visitor from Mars, who had only recent fiction to go upon, might have been excused for assuming that in 1939 the public schools were actually on the verge of extinction, so rarely did a former pupil write of them save in terms of savage derision and contempt—and this at a time when competition for admission to the most famous schools was so keen that it was advisable to enter a boy's name for them at birth if he was to be certain of entry. The onslaught on the public schools was one facet of a wider literary offensive dating from the last war. After that war, the worst of which was fought without conscription, the less courageous and less fit, who had evaded the posts of danger, survived, out of all normal proportion, to set the intellectual fashions of the post-war age. It was a soft age, of pacifists. These men were in violent reaction against the war, which they associated with a sense of inferiority, and against all the ideals, standards and traditions of those who had fought the war. Reinforced by juniors who had been too young to share in a great experience, and suffered consequently from much of their own special inferiority complex, they produced an esoteric art which deliberately turned its back upon common humanity. And they waged a protracted campaign against traditional morals and, in particular, upon what may be called the military virtues. Indeed at a time when they were constantly demanding war, they neither urged the sacrifices necessary for rearmament, nor ceased to deride the sort of men and the sort of qualities which would be necessary to fight them. The fashion of books, by men who had evaded military service or been failures in the army, to prove that successful soldiers are usually Blimps, drunkards or butchers was almost as prolific as the fashion of books by young men who had been unpopular at school, to prove that public schools are usually dens of cruelty, obscurantism or vice. For naturally the public schools, like the British Commonwealth itself, became a principal target of a campaign such as this. To men in angry, unconscious revolt against the national qualities which had won the last war, they stood out as traditional nurseries of the unreflecting and, in peacetime, unexciting military virtues. Their latest assailant, Mr. T. C. Worsley, complains contemptuously that they " tend

to admire especially the military virtues" and deify "the virtues of loyalty, courage and endurance."

Now there is a special reason why it is essential that this characteristic public school ethos should survive in the new age—quite apart from the obvious superiority, for most tastes, of loyalty, courage and endurance to treachery, cowardice and surrender, of which we have seen enough in Europe of late to last us a lifetime. The new schools will certainly be expected to provide an effective educational ladder of opportunity; not, I fancy, a completely equalitarian society, which, for one thing, is inconceivable—no social or political manipulation can equalize Nelson and Uriah Heep—and, for another, has never suited the national prejudices. For great sections of our people the life of the ladder, which can be a joyless and elbowing existence, has few attractions, and much of the fibre and quality of our history is owed to the families which have followed virtually hereditary vocations, in generation after generation manning the lifeboats, or the mines; serving in army, Church or navy, as carpenters, school-masters or shepherds. Nevertheless the nation will clearly expect a more effective educational ladder; the democracy of the future will need leadership more than ever, and will expect to draw upon the whole community for its leaders. Yet the examination system, and indeed the education, which we know, can never be relied upon to find our leaders for us. In a written examination in book-work taken at the age of eleven—or nineteen, for that matter—Shakespeare and Cromwell, and probably Winston Churchill himself, would have ignominiously failed. We do not wish to make the world safe for the brilliant examinee, the superlative but colourless absorbent of other men's ideas, whom no one who knows him would trust to run a whelk-stall for a week. The education of the future, and the examinations, will have to concentrate much less exclusively upon the intellect, much more comprehensively upon the training of mind, character and body, if we are ever to trust it either to find or to train our rulers. Here the public schools are well fitted to take the lead, for they have never, like the French, confused education with the passing of examinations, producing a generation which could not face responsibility. The schools of the future, public in a new and more natural sense, should be well qualified to repeat the miracle of the British House of Commons which, alone of Parliaments, has contrived to combine the virtues of aristocracy, bourgeoisie and wage-earner, retaining the high personal honour and sense

of dignity of the old with the vigour and practical common sense of the new.

The social cement of the new age will be the new friendliness bred by the Blitzkrieg. All classes rub shoulders in the same air-raid shelters, Home Guard platoons and fire-fighting squads. When all classes rub shoulders in the same classrooms, they cannot remain *class*-rooms. When in peacetime conscription is extended, as it surely should be, to industry, and every young man serves a year in the fields and factories, as well as with the colours, many old barriers and misunderstandings will be forgotten. When the new society looks back and traces the solution of so many of the old problems to the sufferings of wartime, it may come to think that even those sufferings were worth while.

THE NETHERLANDS IN THE NEW ORDER

By L. de Jong

THE New Order in Holland started with the abolition of democracy.

One of the very first things the Germans did after the occupation of the country was the dismissal of Parliament. Dr. Arthur Seyss Inquart assumed authority as the Reich's Civil Commissioner. He usurped the right to appoint or dismiss higher officials, be they of State, province or municipality. He refrained from making important changes in the Dutch administrative system but superimposed on it a number of German officials. His four principal assistants are: *SS-Brigadeführer* Rauter (public security), the former Austrian finance minister Dr. Fischböck (economy and finance), *Staatssekretär* Dr. Wimmer (administration and justice) and *Hauptamtsleiter* Dr. Schmidt (special duties). These four officials are practically in charge of the various Dutch departments of State which, in the absence of the ministers, are nominally headed by the secretaries-general. Not only the activities of the State but also those of the provinces and the more important towns are directly supervised by Germans. German commissioners (*Beauftragte*) have been appointed to the eleven provinces. The former Lord Mayor of the German town of Lübeck is now commissioner of Amsterdam.

Apart from the German civil administration there is a military one. Military Commander of the Netherlands is *General der Fliegcr* Christiansen. The military administration has its own courts dealing with attempts at sabotage. All other offences against Germany, its army, its leaders and its *Führer* are judged by special German courts of justice, the *Landesgerichte*, one of which, at The Hague, has occupied the former palace of Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard.

This political reorganization has been supplemented by an economic one. As the aim of the Germans is the incorporation and subsequent exploitation of Dutch economic life, they have introduced in the Netherlands the same kind of administrative organs which function in Germany. The various trades are being organized into six groups, which almost exactly corres-

pond with the German *Reichsgruppen*. Furthermore State Offices, *Rijksbureaux*, have been set up, Dutch counterparts of the German *Reichsbüros*. They deal with the distribution of raw materials and labourers.

This elaborate reorganization which as far as the *Rijksgroepen* are concerned, is far from complete, cannot conceal the fact that the New Order up till now has resulted in a striking decline of the standard of living. Owing to the blockade—about which, it is interesting to note, no complaints have been heard on the part of the Dutch general public—many sources of income have dried up. The important sea-borne trade has been cut off. Exports to Germany have trebled. Exports to all other countries have dropped to insignificant amounts. During the first four months of occupation the gap between the exports to and the imports from Germany widened to fl.43,000,000 (about £5,500,000). Recently the Germans have boasted that their exports to Holland almost equalled the imports. Imports from Holland, however, do benefit the German people as they consist for a great part of the excellent products of Dutch agriculture, horticulture and dairy-industry. Imports from Germany do but little benefit the Dutch. They consist of raw materials for the Dutch metal and engineering industry. Weapons and other supplies for the German army are considered as normal "exports." Finally, the rate of exchange is extremely favourable to the Germans.

There are other difficulties. Fishing is almost at a standstill. Agriculture is short of fertilizers. The lack of feeding stuffs has resulted in the slaughter of three-quarters of all poultry. Commerce is practically dead. The big shipping and trading firms of Rotterdam and Amsterdam, which are forbidden to dismiss their employees, are busy teaching them Spanish and other less-known foreign languages. Industry as a whole lacks sufficient raw materials. The same applies to the work of reconstruction which is directed by the Dutch engineer Dr. Ir Ringers. The damage of the five days' war is estimated at about half the national income. There are not sufficient building materials to rebuild the houses which were destroyed in many parts of the country, not to mention Rotterdam. On May 14 the centre of this port, the biggest on the continent, was bombed for four hours by the *Luftwaffe*. Fires broke out which raged for a fortnight. Thirty thousand people were killed, another eighty thousand lost their homes. Twenty thousand labourers worked for six months on the clearance of the debris.

Stocks have been thoroughly looted by Germany. Prices and wages have been fixed three times already. There are, however, large black markets, and the general public is very much afraid of the effects of the virtually existing inflation. It is, therefore, very reluctant to make deposits with the saving institutions. It prefers real property, be it farms or rare stamps. The average rise in the quotation of shares at the Amsterdam Stock Exchange between May 9 and December 1 was 58 per cent. Land prices had almost doubled until the Germans forbade the sale of land at a price above the level of 1939. The farmers were so reluctant to offer their cattle for slaughter that the meat available last autumn was one-tenth of the normal consumption whilst, shortly before, the Germans had fixed the meat-ration at 70 per cent. of what the Dutch housewives used to buy. Another typical instance of the insufficiency of the extremely elaborate rationing system—the bread-card alone is almost a yard long—is, that the prices of many rationed articles are so high that the unemployed and the poorer part of the people cannot afford to buy them. There are, moreover, still more than 150,000 unemployed. Finally, the transport difficulties are such that the housewives cannot even get the rationed quantities.

The shortage of many foodstuffs and the monotony of the diet—there is no evidence of real starvation—are accompanied by a lack of coal for house-heating purposes. New textile-products may only be bought on the German point-system which in the long run barely provides for sufficient underwear. Perhaps the decline of the living standard had something to do with the serious flu-epidemic which swept through Holland at the beginning of this year.

If the position of the Dutch people as a whole is difficult, that of the Jews is almost desperate. The Germans are resolved to make the Dutch Jews, the number of which is about 120,000, second-class citizens, if not to remove them to Poland, lock, stock and barrel. In the beginning of October the promotion and appointment of Jews in the civil service was forbidden. A Jew was considered to be anyone who had one Jewish grandparent or more. At the end of November the second step followed. All Jewish civil servants were dismissed "on account of the anti-German activities of world-Jewry." This dismissal aroused a storm of indignation. The Protestant Churches launched a vigorous protest in which they reminded Seyss Inquart of the solemn promise made by him upon his inauguration as Civil Commissioner, that Germany would

respect the Dutch constitution and did not intend to enforce a foreign ideology upon the Dutch. When the Jewish professors were forced to resign, the students of the venerable University of Leyden and of the famous Delft Technical University went on strike after which the Germans closed both Universities. The *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* which, until the beginning of this year, enjoyed a certain measure of independence, wrote openly that the German decree "had profoundly shocked the Dutch people almost in its entirety" (November 28). Since the dismissal of the Jewish civil servants a number of new anti-Jewish decrees has been issued. All Jewish businesses have been compelled to submit to a special registration. Jewish directors of prominent companies (e.g. the famous *Bijenkorf* stores, Heldring and Pierson Bank, Van Lissa and Kann Bank, *Hollandia* Raincoats, *Kwatta* chocolate) have resigned "voluntarily." In the middle of March a decree was issued which was officially announced as "decree viz. the elimination of the Jews from economic life." Jews have been struck from the lists of blood-donors. They are forbidden to visit all cinemas and some popular seaside-resorts. Many Jewish refugees from Germany have been sent to the concentration-camp. All others are encouraged to "migrate" to Poland. Up till now, however, the anti-Jewish decrees of the Nazis have only succeeded in strengthening the ties between the Jews and other Dutchmen. Public and private information agree that the Jews have become the symbol of German tyranny. A Dutch Nazi recently complained in the *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden*—the daily paper which is published on behalf of the German soldiers and officials in Holland—that in all Protestant churches special prayers were said for the "Chosen People."

Worse than the decline of the standard of living is the political and cultural tyranny which is being exercised by the Nazis. Most of the political parties are still existing, but rather in name than in deed. The Labour Movement has not escaped special attention on the part of the Nazis who profess that the era of "true socialism" has come. The strong Labour Party, the *Sociaal-Democratische Arbeiders-Partij*, representing about one quarter of the electorate, was together with some small socialistic and communist groups dissolved on September 21 by its German-appointed "Commissioner," the Dutch Nazi Rost van Tonningen. This man, a former official of the League of Nations in Vienna and a close personal friend of Seyss Inquart, has since been given the post of President of the

Nederlandsche Bank. The General Council of the strong Labour Trade Union Movement has been dismissed. The movement is now directed by a Dutch Nazi, Mr. Woudenberg, who is busy trying to win the favour of the Dutch workers by a much advertised Strength through Joy Movement (*Vreugde en Arbeid*). This movement has entirely failed to arouse the interest of the workers. Some trade-union leaders have, however, agreed to collaborate with Mr. Woudenberg.

The other political parties have not been dissolved up till now. Although their activity is much restricted they still form a centre of strong opposition. This applies in the first place to the liberal and protestant parties. Holland's "Elder Statesman" and former premier Dr. Colijn who in June last year published a pamphlet in which he advocated collaboration with Germany, there being no possibility of that country losing the war, has since publicly renounced his earlier statements. He has openly refused to say anything in favour of the German-sponsored Winter Relief action. In February he was forced to resign as editor of the protestant daily *De Standaard*. Generally, however, the political scene is not dominated any longer by the old political parties, but by the violent struggle against the Dutch Nazis, in which struggle the Dutch people have found new means of expression.

The National Socialist Movement, *Nationaal Socialistische Beweging* or NSB the leader of which is the former Dutch engineer, A. A. Mussert, was partly responsible for the undermining of Dutch resistance during the five days' war. It is bitterly hated by almost all Dutchmen. Ir. Mussert glorified the *Luftwaffe* at a time when hundreds of special squads were still searching the ruins of Rotterdam for victims of the horrible destruction. The NSB however, which at the last free elections polled 4 per cent. of all votes after a most extensive propaganda-campaign, is strongly backed by the Germans. It has greatly expanded its activities. New organizations have been set up. In all cases the German example has been faithfully followed. An Agricultural Front, an Economic Front (comprising a few prominent business-men) a Middle-Class Front, a Medical Front, a Judicial Front and a Students' Front have been formed. None of these fronts has succeeded in winning the collaboration of kindred organizations despite many attempts and encouragements on the part of the Germans. They simply met with blunt refusal.

Having failed to win the free collaboration of the Dutch, *Führer* Mussert decided to browbeat them into submission.

Defence-Organizations, *Weer Afdeelingen* were set up, corresponding to the German SA-troops. True to the maxim of the leader of the Youth Movement of the NSB " First we conquer the street, after that the state," the WA-men are busy provoking riots. In September a WA-man, named Peter Ton, was killed in street fighting at The Hague. He has since been promoted to the status of Dutch Horst Wessel.

The attitude of the Germans to the NSB is clear enough. In the beginning the Dutch Nazis were rather cold-shouldered by their German colleagues. This was part of Seyss Inquart's policy of winning the Dutch by posing as their good friend. When this policy failed, the Germans openly declared that they intended to make Holland into a Nazi state. On November 22 the *Rijkscommissaris* said at Maastricht: " The Dutch people have to decide for themselves upon their political future. We Germans, however, must reserve our attitude as to that decision." In the middle of March Dr. Seyss Inquart was more explicit. " There is only one political movement which we can really trust," he said. " That movement is the NSB." He added that the Dutch were still " free " to make their political decision.

Up till now the Germans have not promoted Ir. Mussert to the position which is occupied by Major Quisling in Norway. They have, however, distributed many important posts amongst their friends of the NSB. Whenever a Dutch official retires, a Dutch Nazi is appointed as his successor. Nazis have been made Commissioners of several provinces, or burgomasters and police-commissioners of important towns. Broadcasting has been handed over to them. But the true mood of the Dutch has revealed itself in many incidents. When in the beginning of October Terboven, Seyss Inquart's Norwegian colleague, paid a visit to The Hague, shortly after he had installed Major Quisling in power, a wave of unrest swept over Holland. The public had officially to be reassured that the visit of the Norwegian Civil Commissioner had no political significance. People who walk in uniforms, which resemble those of Mussert's WA and SS—the Dutch *Führer* has set up a *SS-Standarte Westland* which is being trained in München—are in constant danger of being pushed into one of the numerous Dutch canals in the black-out. Most illuminating, perhaps, is the fact that the Dutch Nazis are indicated by the Germans with the name: " deferred corpses."

Amongst the papers which have adopted a strong anti-Mussert line the *Algemeen Handelsblad* (Amsterdam) and the

Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant (until it was *gleichgeschaltet*) are prominent. The social democratic daily *Het Volk* has been stolen by the Dutch Nazis. The *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* asserted in a leading article (November 10) that "positive collaboration" as advocated by the NSB, was "impossible as long as the lawful government is abroad." "Positive collaboration," the paper continued, "doesn't take into account the chance, however small, of Germany losing the war." The *Algemeen Handelsblad* stated bluntly on December 5: "A people which wants to build its own future, can only do so when and if it is free."

Substantially the same line of policy was adopted by that remarkable phenomenon in Dutch political life: "The Netherland Union," *Nederlandsche Unie*. In June and July last year attempts were made to unite all Dutch political parties with the exception of the Nazis. A manifesto was composed which reaffirmed the desire of the Dutch for independence under the House of Orange. This manifesto was submitted to Seyss Inquart. It was intended to be the basis of the all-party union. Of course, Seyss Inquart refused to accept it. Thereupon the political parties declared that they were not interested in a union upon another basis. On July 24, however, three prominent Dutchmen published an "Appeal to the Dutch people" in which they still advocated the formation of a Union. This appeal included a "programme" which had decidedly authoritarian if not national-socialist features, though it declared that "freedom and tolerance" should be preserved.

The "Triumvirate" which published this strange programme consisted of: Mr. J. Linthorst Homan, former Commissioner of the province of Groningen, an able man who had enjoyed the full confidence of Queen Wilhelmina; Mr. L. Einthoven, Police Commissioner of Rotterdam; and Mr. J. E. de Quay, professor at the Catholic Economic University in Tilburg. It may be assumed that they were guided by the fear that the Germans, unwilling to collaborate with the former political parties—an unwillingness which, as we have seen, was shared by those parties—would recognize the NSB as the only existing political movement which, as a result of this position, perhaps, would be able to attract a part of all those who had no strong political convictions. In order not to arouse the suspicions of the Germans too early, the triumvirate was forced to adopt an authoritarian programme. Maybe the Triumvirate meant what it said. Many Dutch Catholics had never been wholeheartedly democratic and among the middle-classes—of which

Mr. Linthorst Homan and Mr. Einthoven were typical representatives—there had been much criticism of parliamentary democracy in recent years. But the great majority of the hundreds of thousands of members which the *Unie* won in a few months, did not bother about the programme. The *Unie* was the only movement which gave people an opportunity of demonstrating their disgust of National Socialism. That was enough.

At the end of 1940 the *Nederlandsche Unie* had more than 700,000 members, undoubtedly a remarkable achievement in a country of almost nine million inhabitants who, some years ago, were divided in more than fifty political parties and some three hundred churches and religious sects. The *Unie* organized a Social Advice Service. When it described Seyss Inquart's anti-semitic decrees as "unnecessary" and "contrary to Christian tolerance" it was furiously attacked by Dutch and German Nazi papers. The verdict of the NSB was: "The *Unie* is a Jewish business." Since then the *Unie* has been completely ignored by the Germans. The Triumvirate has been forbidden to organize mass-meetings, a youth-movement or a defence-organization. From time to time they protest that they are completely loyal to the German administration, but these declarations fail to make any impression because the Germans know the true feelings of the members of the *Unie*. In a recent speech in Amsterdam Seyss Inquart compared the *Unie* to the Austrian *Vaterländische Front* of Dollfuss and Schusschnigg, a comparison, which can hardly have been an encouragement to the Triumvirate. These three men, good patriots as they are, are indeed in a most difficult position. In the end they must choose: for or against the Nazification of Holland. In the former case they will lose their members, in the latter their movement will probably be disbanded by the Germans.

Cultural life in the Netherlands in its various public forms is placed under strict German control. All editors are expected to take the New Order into account. The headlines of the German News Agency are splashed across whole pages. The foreign news has to follow closely the trodden paths of the *Wilhelmstrasse*. The dark machinations of the British Secret Service are an ever-flowing source of long articles. The Dutch dailies, once famous for their extensive and impartial news-reporting are now as dull as any other German-controlled newspaper. Only those who are able to read between the lines

are sometimes able to catch a glimpse of the editors' true feelings.

Right from the beginning the Germans have shown much interest in broadcasting. The small German force which occupied the Dutch transmitters after the army had laid down arms, was in possession of a complete recorded programme which could fill up a fortnight's broadcasting. During the first months the Germans contented themselves with giving the Dutch Nazis complete control of radio news and propaganda. In December they brought all broadcasting under state-control. The state in this case is Dr. Goedewaagen, a Dutch Nazi, who has been appointed secretary-general of the newly-created department of propaganda. This worthy pupil of Dr. Goebbels started his career under the German occupation by "purging" the Dutch press. After his appointment at the ministry of propaganda he hurriedly left for Berlin "to make an extensive study of German propaganda methods." Since his return he has announced the organization of different "guilds" to regiment artistic life. He has furthermore announced the production of a so-called popular wireless set. This announcement has met with little interest from the part of the Dutch public which—as the *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden* complained as early as September last year—"have only one desire: to listen to forbidden broadcasts," which, incidentally, include all Italian programmes. Offences against this particularly odious listening ban are so numerous—it was recently reliably reported from Holland that more than 90 per cent. of the one million wireless sets of the country were regularly tuned in to the B.B.C. Dutch News and to *Radio Orange*, the daily Dutch Government broadcast—that the Germans have threatened the confiscation of all wireless-sets. The number of people who are put on to the so-called *radio-centrales* which, of course are only allowed to distribute German-controlled programmes, has decreased by about a third.

One of the first things the Germans undertook was the "purging" of all public libraries. All school books have been censored by a Nazi-commission, to the indignation of both parents and teachers.

Other forms of German propaganda include the setting up of a Labour Service Corps, analogous to the *Arbeitsdienst*, which is being boycotted by the Dutch youth. The organization of a Winter Relief campaign along German lines was a very clever piece of propaganda which the Germans have practised in all occupied countries. They apparently expected

that only a few people would be able to draw a clear distinction between a form of relief for poor Dutchmen and a German propaganda-trick which aimed at winning admiration for national-socialist institutions. These expectations were not fulfilled. Most of the subscriptions to the *Winterhulp* are "voluntary" contributions from big business firms. Many sellers of flags were beaten and insulted on the national flag-days which were held at the end of November, December and January. On these flag-days disappointing amounts were raised. Moreover two-thirds of the posters of the *Winterhulp* were torn from the walls. No further flag-days were held. Instead house-to-house collections were organized in which every Dutchman had to sign on a list on which his name and address had been put beforehand.

This and other kinds of German propaganda have only resulted in making the Dutch people more united and more anti-German than ever. The Churches prove to be a centre of spiritual resistance. In the beginning of November the Catholic bishops issued an official warning in which it was stated that the "world is threatened by a nationalistic and materialistic conception of life which leaves no place for Christ." In the beginning of February they formally announced that the sacraments should be withheld from everyone who was a member of the NSB. The attitude of the Protestant churches is equally admirable. In their protest against Seyss Inquart's first anti-Jewish decree, they bravely put: "The Churches are deeply moved as this decree concerns the people out of which the world's Saviour was born." Their appeal to honour the pledge not to enforce National Socialism, remained, of course, unanswered. The Dutch wireless has often issued strong warnings against the use of "ambiguous" texts in the sermons.

Cultural opposition is by no means restricted to the Churches. The small number of pro-Nazi intellectuals who have set up a Cultural Society for the promotion of better relations between Germany and Holland, are despised by the Dutch intelligentzia who always were profoundly anti-Nazi. There is a strong tendency amongst the general public to concentrate upon the glorious past of Holland. The title of last year's most popular book was, significantly enough *Holland's Glory*.

Needless to say that the Queen and the House of Orange generally are the symbol of political and cultural resistance. The Germans have abolished the term "Royal." The "Royal Library" has been renamed "National Library." They have

issued new stamps which no longer bear the Royal portrait. They are, however, unable to destroy the love won by Queen Wilhelmina in forty years of selfless service and devotion. Every Dutchman has his "Orange-altar," his collection of photographs of the Royal family. There have been numerous cases in which parents have given their newly-born daughters the names of the Queen, the Crown Princess or the two little daughters of Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard. It is interesting to note that the loan of half-a-milliard guilders which was issued in January, was officially brought on the market as loan of the "Kingdom of the Netherlands." The Germans know that a loan under another name will be a failure.

The Germans have tried to stifle the opposition by the internment of many prominent Dutchmen. Last September more than 450 colonial officials were sent to concentration-camps as a "reprisal" for the lawful and correct internment of all male Germans in the Dutch East Indies. The former Dutch Commander-in-Chief, General Winkelman, was sent to a German prison for having exposed a fraud in the collection of documents which were supposed to prove that the Dutch and Belgian Governments were ready to allow the passage of Allied troops to attack the Ruhr. Many other officers have been interned. At the end of October many politicians of different parties were arrested. From each University two professors have been interned as "spiritual hostages." Many prominent men have committed suicide.

The true feelings of the Dutch were clearly indicated by the serious disturbances which took place in February this year. On the ninth a number of Mussert's WA-men made a provocative demonstration in the Jewish part of Amsterdam. Heavy fighting followed and continued for four days. On the twelfth a member of the WA was killed. His burial was the occasion of aggressive speeches by Dutch and German Nazi-leaders. The tension increased when it was announced that a trial was being held at The Hague of members of a secret sabotage-organization. On the night of February 20 the German police stormed a house in Amsterdam where they hoped to arrest a number of conspirators. These fought back. Bombs were thrown at the Germans. All patriots escaped save one who was taken to The Hague and shot. Four days later general street fighting broke out in Amsterdam. The workers of the Public Services went on strike. Their example was followed by labourers throughout the Province of North Holland and by the dockers of Rotterdam. On February 26

nine people were killed and twenty-four severely injured in the course of street-fighting in Amsterdam which, according to the Germans, was the work of "paid British agents, mostly Jews." Martial law was declared in North Holland. The burgomasters and the town-councils of Amsterdam and other prominent towns were dismissed and Nazi commissioners appointed. Heavy fines were imposed. In Amsterdam a fine of £2,000,000 had to be paid by the 3,000 wealthiest people. Martial law was raised on March 6. Five days later fifteen patriots were shot at The Hague. They were all members of a secret sabotage-organization which, according to the Germans, intended to "poison" German soldiers and to collaborate with British parachute troops. At the same time three "Jews" were shot who were said to have fixed posters in Amsterdam calling all workers to strike against the Nazis.

The shots fired at the hearts of these eighteen patriots—who, it must be presumed, will not be the last Dutch victims of Nazi rule—made a deep impression throughout the Netherlands. When Queen Wilhelmina declared in a broadcast from London, a few days later, that the victims were "true martyrs of the liberty of the Dutch," she spoke the people's mood. Conciliation between the Dutch and the Nazis is impossible. The Dutch are proud of their democratic traditions. They will continue to refuse to be drawers of water and hewers of wood for a German *Herrenvolk*. In the trials and tribulations of the occupation they have discovered a new sense of national unity and social responsibility, and it may be confidently anticipated that when the day of liberation dawns, the whole people will rise in revolt.

The "timing" of this revolt is one of the most important and at the same time most difficult problems of Allied warfare.

(Mr. de Jong was editor of De Groene Amsterdammer *the Dutch democratic weekly which, after the occupation, was forbidden to discuss politics.)*

DRANG NACH DEM SÜDEN

By Ernst Klein

GERMAN troops are moving into Italy. Already they are masters of Trieste. They have established themselves in Sicily, and their transports roll down south over the Brenner. By this pass, just over two thousand years ago, the first hosts of German race, the tribes of the Cimbri and the Teutons, broke into Italy, following that mystic yearning of their primitive, barbaric souls to see what land lay beyond the icebound peaks of the Alps.

During the last few years one has heard so much about the *Drang nach dem Osten.* It goes back to the times when the heroes of the German saga, the Nibelungs, wandered along the river Danube eastwards to meet their fate at the court of King Etzel whom history knows under the name of Attila. Later on, civilization took the same road, carried forward by German monks who were as courageous as they were pious. However, let us not forget, what we call *Drang nach dem Osten* has nothing whatever to do with mystic or religious and cultural motives. It is nothing but the primeval German lust for conquest and expansion which has found its political and economic expression in modern Pan-Germanism.

But Hitler is also setting about fulfilling that other German yearning, the *Drang nach dem Süden*, which came from the depths of the German soul. It was the longing for sunshine and warmth of a people who, shut off from the rest of the world by two mighty rivers, the Danube and the Rhine, lived in sinister, primeval forests, darkened by everlasting fogs and whipped by never-ceasing storms. A great German poet has poured this German yearning into his famous lines:

Es zieht mit heil'gem Frühlingsahnen
Zum sonn'ger Süden dem Germanen*

* * * * *

This national yearning which drove the Germans again and again over the Alps has forced their fate and that of Italy into

*In the spring the German is drawn to the sunny south by a holy yearning.

a development which has been decisive, not only for the history of two countries but for the whole European continent. Germany's influence in this historic coupling has been conclusive in political and military matters, but in culture she has been the willing idolater of her Italian neighbour. And culture has proved stronger than the strongest army. German kingdoms were founded upon Italian soil. Century after century the sovereigns of Germany marched over the Alps to be crowned as Roman Emperors by the Popes. But an Italian condottiere never marched over the Brenner from the south to the north.

The great merchant princes of Venice and Genoa however sent their wares to Augsburg and Nuremburg. The Italian Renaissance conquered German science and culture. The Italian painters became the teachers of the Germans. Albrecht Dürer came south to study Italian art at its very source. Italian architects taught their German colleagues how to build the palaces for their princes, the cathedrals and monasteries for the Church. The great German composers, the Titans of classical music, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, went to school in Italian music. German poets dreamt of Italy. The work of the greatest of them all, Wolfgang von Goethe, was greatly influenced by his experiences during his two years' stay in Rome and other Italian cities. It was in Italy that all the splendour of the Antique revealed itself to him. The spirit of the Antique became his guide and gave him that outlook on the universe which raised him high. Without Italy, Goethe would never have become the Olympian whom Germany worshipped and will worship again after the nightmare of National Socialism has disappeared.

Germany, in more modern days, sent thousands and thousands of tourists to Italy. For the most part they did not arrive in luxurious cars or travel in international express trains. They came as humble wanderers on their bicycles or as third class passengers with their rucksacks on their shoulders. These tourists had saved money all the year to be rowed in a gondola on the Canale Grande at Venice, or to stand in Florence on the banks of the River Arno, where Dante used to wait for his Beatrice, to look in Verona at the tomb of Julia.

One might have thought that such close and intimate cultural relations would have bound the Italian and the German peoples in a close and intimate friendship—in a real friendship, that is, not in the sort which exults in meetings in armoured trains. But it has not.

The Italian hates no one more in the world than the *maledetto*

Tedescho. The German despises no one more than the Italian. We must follow the path of history in order to be able to understand how and why the *Drang nach dem Süden*, nothwithstanding all cultural relations, created such a deep gulf of hatred between these two great nations.

* * * * *

They met for the first time in the year 113 B.C. One day the Roman soldiers, who were guarding the passes of the Alps, perceived hordes of giant men, with long, fair hair, and clad in wolf skins, descending into the valleys leading to the south. They were the Cimbri and the Teutons, who, as the first of the Germans, followed the *Drang nach dem Süden*. They came from the mists and storms of the north sea shores. Fighting and plundering, they had forced their way through the territories of other German and Celtic peoples, wandering along the Danube with their cumbersome, oxen-drawn wagons in which their womenfolk and children took part in the journey. Then they turned towards the south and began to cross the barrier of the Alps. Where wild mountain streams barred their way they placed themselves shoulder to shoulder in the icy, roaring waters, and putting their huge shields together forced the streams to change their course. At Norea in the Carinthian Alps a Roman army tried to bar their way. But these blond giants fell upon the Roman legions, howling into their shields like madmen to produce a battle cry which even the stoutest veterans of the legionaries could not stand. The Romans, used to victories, ran before these unknown foes like hares, and it was only more than ten years later that under the command of Marius, one of the best generals the Romans ever had that they were able to conquer the danger of invasion by these two barbaric German tribes.

In the first clash between Roman civilization and German barbarism Rome proved herself to be the stronger; but not for long. At that period, when the Germans appeared out of the darkness of their forests into the light of history they were a young nation, with unexhausted vitality. Rome, however, was nearing the climax of her historic career—Cæsarism. With all its splendour, with all its great deeds accomplished by the Imperium the curve of her history was now downwards. Unable to defend herself she had to rely on mercenaries. Where could the Emperors get better mercenaries than from those Germans who loved fighting for the fighting's sake and were always ready to plunder and loot?

The German mercenaries however were not the easiest allies nor the most reliable. They fought as they were required to do, but with each success their leaders and chieftains grew more ambitious. So it was with the Visigoth Alaric who towards the end of the fourth century appeared on the soil of Italy and served under Emperor Theodosius as commander of the German auxiliary troops. After Theodosius's death the Empire was divided between his two sons who after a short time quarrelled. Alaric hoped to make the best out of the rather complicated situation by obtaining one of the more important ministries—he did not care whether in Eastern or in Western Rome. He was disappointed by both Emperors. So, after having proclaimed himself king of the Goths, he set out to seek a kingdom of his own appropriate to his dignity. He first fell upon the Eastern Empire and plundered Greece. At last Emperor Arcadius, of Byzantium made him prefect of Illyricum hoping to satisfy his ambitions once and for all. But Alaric, driven by that eternal restlessness, so characteristic of the Germans, used his office only to prepare for new conquests. In 402 he attacked Italy herself for the first time, and after besieging and blockading the Holy City twice, he stormed and plundered her eight years later.

However, so deeply rooted was the respect in which this barbarian still held the grandeur of the Roman Empire, he did not dare touch its structure. Nevertheless Rome was doomed and it was the fated task of the Germans to bring her, once mistress of the Old World, to an ignominious end. In 476 Odoacer, chief of the German tribe of the Herulier and commander of the German mercenaries, deposed the last of the Roman Emperors, the youth Romulus Augustulus.

Odoacer was the first German king on the soil of Italy. But although he made an end to the Roman Empire he did not want to become Roman Emperor. He wanted nothing but to be king of his Germans and he surrendered the Imperial insignia, the diadem and the purple toga, to the East Roman Emperor in Byzantium. Emperor Zeno graciously bestowed upon him the dignity of Roman Patrician, but later sent the king of the Ostrogoths Theodoric in order to remove him. Theodoric executed this task to the letter. He killed Odoacer with his own hand and made himself king of Italy.

This Ostrogoth whose name has not only found a high place in the history of the world, but also as Dietrich von Bern, in the German heroic saga, had the qualities of a great ruler. Alaric and Odoacer were little more than barbaric adventurers who

wanted land and loot for their people, but Theodoric's aim was to found a great German realm on the soil of the Roman Empire. His was a dream of resurrection of the old might of Rome. The boundaries of his domination reached far to the south of Italy and in the north over the Alps into Gaul. The Emperors of Eastern Rome could not tolerate such a strong and dangerous rival at their frontiers. So Theodoric's Kingdom did not survive his founder very long. Justinian, the great Byzantine Emperor, dispatched two of his best generals, first Belisarius, and then Narses to destroy the Ostrogoth Kingdom. Narses, more of an intriguer than a man of open warfare, would not have been able to fulfil his Emperor's order, had he not succeeded in mustering the alliance of another German nation, the Lombards, a wild and barbaric tribe which had been driven by the waves of the great migration from their original homes on the banks of the river Elbe, south over the Alps. Again German fought against German on Italy's soil. The fine and noble people of the Goths succumbed under the joint onslaught of the cultured Greeks and the barbaric Lombards. Their two last kings Totila and Tejas fell fighting at the head of their people. This struggle of the Goths remained unforgotten in the memory of the whole of the German people. Felix Dahn, the famous German historian and poet, wrote, towards the end of the last century, a novel of four huge volumes *Der Kampf um Rom* (" The fight for Rome,") which every youth and every maiden in Germany read from the first to the last lines in patriotic ecstasy.

One is inclined to hold the view that, if the liberal-minded and tolerant rule of the Goths had been allowed to continue for a longer period, the course of Italy's history might have been quite different, and one must regret that their kingdom was destroyed so quickly. They have disappeared completely, except for a few buildings such as the Mausoleum of Theodoric the Great, and a few names which have been converted into Italian, among them, for example, the name of the famous Italian family of the Counts of Aldrovandi, which comes from the German Hildebrand. Even Mussolini's name is of German origin—Musulin, a name which is to-day still to be found in southern Germany.

The Gothic Kingdom in Italy was followed by that of the Lombards which lasted longer than its predecessor, but meant a deplorable set-back in the development of the relations between the two nations north and south of the Alps. The Lombards, although they had become Catholic Christians,

were not able to learn from the superior civilization of the conquered. They remained the conquerors and behaved as such. They were full of contempt for the degenerate Romans who, with all their culture, with all their refinements, could not throw off their yoke. From this period dates the implacable hatred of the Italians for the Germans, and the haughty contempt of the Germans for the Italians.

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The Lombards were most disturbing and dangerous neighbours, not only for their former allies, the Byzantines, but also for that power which more and more stepped into the foreground of events—the Papacy. It was the Popes who undertook the national task of making the Italian peninsula independent from Byzantium and in this fight they called upon the Lombards for help. The Lombards fought the battles of the Popes, the new masters of Rome, but did not hesitate in demanding their pay in full, and even more. Finally the Papacy saw no other way out of its difficulties than to turn for help to the King of the Franks. The old vicious circle of fighting fire with fire: the German ally who becomes too dangerous has to be diminished by a new ally—another German nation.

In 774 Charles the Great, King of the Franks, made an end to the Kingdom of the Lombards. But their rule which lasted for two centuries, was not forgotten. Above all they left their name to the richest and most fertile province of the whole Apennine Peninsula. They also left their characteristics on the population. The Lombards of to-day, although true and even fanatical Italians, resemble more closely the German race of the Alps than the South Italians. They are much more active and energetic than their compatriots in Naples or in Sicily.

In the year 800 Charles the Great, faithful son of the Church, received his reward for the services rendered by him to the Holy See. He was invested by the Pope with the diadem of the Roman Emperors. Charles the Great is the first of the German Kings who is at the same time Roman Emperor. On the day of his coronation the *Heilige Römische Reich Deutscher Nation*, The Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation was born.

The resurrection of the Roman Empire on a Christian basis was intended to be the establishment of God's realm on earth. His deputies were, in the world domain, the Emperor, in the

spiritual one, the Pope. They were supposed to have equality of rights but the stipulation according to which the Emperors had to receive their crowns from the hands of the Popes granted to the latter an advantage of which they made the utmost use. Overcoming with German aid all the dangers in the interior, the Papacy set out to establish a basis for its worldly power. It did not take it long to get into open conflict with the German Kingdom, which, on its part, had the one contrary aim—to free itself from the tutelage of the Popes. In the long line of German kings only a few resisted the temptation to be lured over the Alps by the glamour of the Roman Imperial Crown. Many of the German royal houses shed their life-blood in this struggle. The German kings used all their energy in the struggle for the Roman crown and no time was left for the construction of their home state. In consequence they were not able to break the ever-growing power of the German princes who more than once allied themselves against their sovereigns with foreign enemies of Germany. At the time when France and England were already strong state organisms, Germany was existing only as a political-historical idea. It was the Prussian Bismarck who forged the German unity "by blood and iron."

Italy did not fare any better. The struggle with Germany prevented her national growth and although the name "Germany" existed, and meant something, the name "Italy" did not exist at all. Dismembered as the German tribes may have been by the egotistic interests of their numerous dynasties, the Saxon, the Brandenburgian, the Swabian—they all had somehow the feeling of belonging together. But in Italy there was not the slightest idea of such a collective national feeling. It is true that in his fight against the German Emperor the Pope represented Italian interests, but only so far as they coincided with his own. All those small republics and town states which later became principalities under some energetic, aristocratic family, equally knew nothing but their own interests. By their rivalries they were easily drawn into the more far-reaching rivalry between those two foreign powers who struggled with each other for supremacy on the European continent, Habsburg and Bourbon. During those never-ending storms of war, the last remains of any Italian national consciousness were lost.

It was Napoleon who brought it to life again. Following his campaigns against the Austrians he made an end to all the small principalities and republics on Italian soil. Even the

Papal States had to disappear in the new kingdom, the crown of which Napoleon placed on his own head—the Kingdom of Italy.

From now on there exists a collective idea—"Italy." Napoleon's empire broke to pieces, but that Italy which he had called to new life remained and combining itself with the ideas of the French Revolution formed the spirit of the Italian people, which knew only one aim: the foundation of the United Kingdom of Italy with its historical and cultural capital: Rome. Such as the conditions were, under which this great and heroic struggle of the Italian nation began, it had to be directed nearly exclusively against the Habsburgs, who had brought home as booty from the wars against Napoleon, Lombardy and Venice with Istria and Dalmatia, and besides that the restoration of all the Austrian Secundogenitures, formerly existing in the Apennine Peninsula, Modena, Tuscany, Parma and Piacenza. It is true that the Pope and the King of Naples got back their countries also, but neither of them were great powers like Austria. Austria was for Italy the political embodiment of oppression and reaction. The Austrians became the arch-enemies of Italy.

This national hatred burnt deeper and deeper into the soul of the Italian people the more it recognized that it never would be able to fulfil its dream of national union by its own power. Cavour's proud words, *Italia sa fare da se* did not come true. Every time Italian armies met the Austrians alone, they were beaten. So it was in 1848, when Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, was defeated by the eighty year old Austrian Field Marshal Count Radetzky. So it was eleven years later, when Italy, only with the help of the French, succeeded in conquering Lombardy. So it was in 1866, when Prussia was the ally of Italy. The Italian army was defeated at Custozza, the Italian fleet at Lissa. It was the soldiers of the King of Prussia who won the last Italian territory for Italy. Nothing was a greater blow to Italian national pride than the word of Czar Nicholas I: "The Italians have lost a war and won a land again."

But to be just we must acknowledge that the possessing of Lombardy and Venetia was a great political mistake on the part of Austria. Habsburg paid for this dubious gain with its beautiful possessions in the west of Germany, thus itself renouncing its dominating position in the west of Europe. On the other hand the Italian Irredenta which immediately after stabilization of the kingdom under Savoie started to work,

claimed territories which had never belonged to Italy, namely Trieste and Trient. Italy became more and more the rival of Austria in the Balkans. The slogan *Mare nostrum* which the Irredentist hotheads called the Adriatic did of course nothing to diminish the tension between the two arch-enemies. The Austrian was not given to national or political hatred, but he hated the Italian. He never did hate the Russian and the Serbian, with whom he had to go to war in 1914. But he hated and despised the Italian, the *Katzelmacher* as he contemptuously called him. The Germans in the Empire shared this feeling and the Triple Alliance which Bismarck brought about in order to prevent his Austrian ally from going into a war which he did not want, was no more popular on the Spree or on the Rhine than it was on the Danube. Italy's treachery of 1915 when she stabbed in the back both her allies is not forgotten in Germany or Austria.

That German hatred for Italy exists to this very day. It has even—if this is possible—increased in implacability. The explanation for this fact is: South Tyrol. One of the greatest injustices committed by the peace treaties of 1919 was the surrender of South Tyrol to Italy. There is no country in the world more German than South Tyrol. It is the home of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese fighter for liberty whom Napoleon ordered to be shot in 1809 and whose memory is still alive in the whole of Austria. South Tyrol was not won by Italy on the battlefield but at the conference table, and never was a conquered country treated more cruelly than South Tyrol. In Bozen the memorial of the famous German minnesinger Walther von der Vogelweide was removed from the centre of the town. Tyrolese business firms had to Italianize their names. In the schools the German language was banned. Even the dead were not allowed to keep their German names. Everywhere in the country German peasant families who had lived on their farms for centuries were driven out to make room for Italian ex-service men, who let the land go to rack and ruin. The main production of Meran, the famous health resort, is wine and fruit-growing. Mussolini built in the Eisack Valley a nitrogen plant, the fumes of which poisoned the whole neighbourhood and killed all the grapevines and fruit trees.

The National Socialist propaganda, never missing an opportunity crept from Munich into the valleys of the Etsch, Eisack and Passeier. In their despair the descendants of Andreas Hofer turned the eyes of hope from Vienna, which

was too weak to help them, to Berlin and Munich. The *Völkische Beobachter* became the most popular paper in Bozen and Meran. Adolf Hitler's picture hung in every room. South Tyrol from whence came the most famous regiments of the Austrian Emperor, the *Kaiserjaeger*, now became a fanatical stronghold of Nazism.

Hitler afterwards betrayed these poor peasants, who saw in him their Messiah. He sold them to Mussolini to establish a friendship the internal mendacity of which cannot be camouflaged by high toned official speeches and bulletins about its "eternal necessity." Germany and Italy never can be friends, least of all the Germany of Hitler and the Italy of Mussolini.

Hitler is the man who forgets nothing, and forgives nothing. He has not forgiven Mussolini that personal snub he had to endure during their first meeting in Venice in 1933. He has not forgotten that in 1935 when he, after the murder of the Austrian Chancellor Dollfuss, was about to invade Austria, Mussolini sent two divisions to the Brenner and so spoilt his game. On that occasion Mussolini threw out his chest, struck out his Cæsarian chin, and blared forth in a speech on October 6 at Milan: "We have defended and we shall continue to defend the independence of Austria which has been sanctified by the blood of a Chancellor who, though small in body, was great in spirit."

Two and a half years later, on March 16, 1938, four days after Hitler's invasion of Austria the same Mussolini roared: "Never have we undertaken an obligation to prevent the rape of Austria either directly or indirectly, either by written or by oral agreement . . ."

It is the privilege of great men to contradict themselves whenever they think that such a *volte face* is profitable to their aims. In 1935 Hitler and Mussolini could not tolerate each other. In 1938 they were the best and staunchest friends, and concluded the agreement about the repatriation of the South Tyrolese. But of the 250,000 South Tyrolese, only seven or eight thousand went back *Heim ins Reich.* They are now being settled in the neighbourhood of Bregenz, the capital of the Austrian province Vorarlberg. All the others stayed in their valleys—biding their time as they were told to by the secret emissaries of the Führer.

And that is a great danger for the whole constitution of the peace which must not be underestimated. If Hitler succeeds in repairing the great wrong inflicted upon the people of Tyrol —and who will doubt this under the present circumstances?—

he will gain a new buoyancy which is bound to give him back all the prestige he has already lost among the German people, especially in Austria, which has become more and more difficult to handle. Even the most violent Austro-Nazis could not stomach the friendship with Italy, not only on account of the archemnity, but also on account of the rape of South Tyrol. Therefore it is absolutely necessary that British policy, when it states its peace aims one day, does not forget the deliverance of South Tyrol.

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Nobody can foresee how the relations between Italy and Germany will develop under the circumstances of to-day. Perhaps Hitler will really try to fulfil the *Drang nach dem Süden* in order to prove to his people that he succeeded where Frederick Barbarossa failed. There are already rumours coming from Berlin that he personally has drawn up a plan to unite the *Nations north and south of the Alps* for ever. The industrial agreement which was concluded between them towards the end of last February makes Italy an economic vassal to Germany. But neither political nor industrial agreements will bring about the realization of Hitler's megalomaniac plan in Italy. Never will he overcome the hatred which has separated the two nations since the days of the Lombards. Like the First German Empire, the Third Empire will shed its life's blood in the fulfilment of the *Drang nach dem Süden.*

(*Mr. Klein was one of the best known figures in German journalism and is the author of a recent book, "Road to Disaster."*)

THE MIDDLE EAST

By Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn

WHEN I wrote last month the military situation in the Balkans was sufficiently complicated, but since then its complexities have been immensely increased by the course of events and it is useless to attempt to forecast the outcome. Some of the factors which may affect future developments are, however, worth examination.

Obviously the Middle and Near East have become a single theatre of war. East Africa, Libya, Irak and all the countries adjoining the Eastern Mediterranean and the Black Sea must be considered as one strategical unit, widely separated as are the regions in which armies are in actual contact. The main encounter is for the time being taking place in the Balkan Peninsula, but the strategic centre remains in Egypt.

As I anticipated last month Germany made strenuous efforts to avoid war with Yugoslavia, but it is now evident that she had no intention of keeping the promises which she made to Prince Paul's Government. The turning movement up the Strumitza Valley which involved entry into Yugoslav territory was certainly no improvisation but part of her plan to turn the Greek defence of the Struma route. Use of the Vardar Valley Railway would then have served to maintain the thrust.

The Slav coup d'état was certainly unwelcome to Germany, but, as Mr. Churchill has explained, negotiations with the former Government had at least postponed, actually fatally, the Yugoslav attack on the Italians in Albania which might well have liberated the whole Greek Army to meet the German threat.

As I expected Germany has so far avoided drawing Turkey into the war. That possibly may be because she has had to divert part of her Army, assembled in Bulgaria, for her attack on Yugoslavia. On the other hand, Turkey made no move when German columns advanced into Western Thrace and occupied Dedeagatch; it may be because this column was not of sufficient strength to constitute an immediate threat to her or because, as we now know, it had been decided in Staff con-

sultations that the Greeks should evacuate, and make no attempt to defend, Western Thrace.

I suggested that Turkey's attitude was somewhat ambiguous and at time of writing it still remains so, though there can be little doubt that she would resist direct attack. From what Mr. Churchill has told us of the attitude of Prince Paul's Government it is hardly surprising that Turkey was unwilling to commit herself prematurely in the first instance. While Yugoslavia seemed likely to give way to German pressure Turkey was naturally compelled to adopt a defensive attitude; and last minute resistance by the Slavs gave little time for change of plans. Moreover, it threatened to make Bulgaria an active participant in the war.

There were other factors too which probably affected Turkey's position. The German counter-offensive into Libya was evidently intended to limit British aid to Greece, and the success of the stroke must have raised doubts as to the measure of co-operation to be expected from Britain. Then followed the coup d'état in Irak which, in conjunction with an increase of friction between London and Vichy, suggested possibilities of trouble at Turkey's back door. The attitude of Syria and Irak has to be considered in relation to Turkey as well as to Britain.

Syria obviously blocks direct land communication between Palestine and Asia Minor. That might be of little importance so long as the British Navy controlled sea communications and had adequate resources to use them to full advantage. Active hostility by the French would, however, entail action by Britain which for a time at least would make heavy demands on her; and the elimination of Syria would become of urgent importance. The slow processes of blockade would not suffice, for air attacks on Haifa and raids on the oil pipe line could not be prevented by purely defensive measures, and the interruption of oil supply would obviously have a serious effect on our sea communications in the Eastern Mediterranean even if it did not affect naval activities, for dependence on fuel arriving by the Red Sea or through the Straits of Gibraltar would necessitate strict economy. Syria too might furnish a convenient stepping stone for Italian and German aircraft operating through the Dodecanese against Egypt. Syria in fact is a potential danger to effective co-operation between Britain and Turkey, and even though its ultimate removal should not prove difficult it might have power of mischief at a critical moment.

Raschid Ali's coup d'état in Irak also suggested unpleasant

possibilities before the landing of Imperial forces at Basra. For though he had declared that he would remain faithful to the British alliance the promises of those who come under Nazi influence are no more to be relied on than those of Hitler himself. Obviously open hostility on the part of Irak would have endangered the Mosul oilfields with the same, and perhaps more lasting effects, than might be produced by a hostile Syria.

The existence of the Mosul oilfields gives a hostile Government in Irak undoubted power of mischief. The brightest side of the picture is that Moslem sentiment is in this war so universally anti-Nazi that it must be a powerful deterrent to local hostile elements which could command little popular support. The situation was very different in the last war when the leading Moslem country was our enemy and Moslem aspirations divided.

East Africa is certainly the brightest spot in our military horizon and the speed with which the campaign has been carried through has added immensely to the strategical value of its success. Liberation of our East African Army, now that its task is practically complete, may prove of immense importance in restoring the unpleasant situation in Libya.

Anything in the nature of a reverse, especially when success has raised expectations, is I suppose always liable to give rise to criticisms. The suggestion, however, that a great opportunity was lost when General Wavell confined his operations to Cyrenaica and did not attempt to press on to Tripoli, appears to me to discount the difficulties and dangers which would have been involved, in addition to rejecting all plans of giving Greece and Turkey substantial support. Personally, I hoped sincerely the attempt would not be made, and though I realized that aid to Greece must necessarily be on a comparatively limited scale in the existing situation, felt that it should, if possible, be given both on political and strategic grounds in spite of obvious risks. An advance on Tripoli with equipment which had suffered in a strenuous campaign and with all the disadvantages of an immensely long and inadequate line of communications, mitigated only by the assistance which the Navy could give, was in itself a daunting prospect. When to that was added the prospect of meeting fresh Italian troops in considerable force, very possibly—we now know certainly—supported by a German contingent and with the air factor becoming increasingly unfavourable, the possibility of failure had to be considered. It was self evident, that however precarious sea communications between Italy and Tripoli might be they could

not be completely interrupted without exposing the Navy to great danger. To prevent air reinforcements reaching Tripoli was manifestly impossible. Failure of the enterprise would certainly have involved a costly entanglement and might have come perilously near disaster in the event of withdrawal. Were the advantages to be gained at all commensurate with the risks unless there were definite reasons for believing that the French in Tunis needed our assistance? Otherwise the occupation of Tripoli would not have provided a base for further operations, it would not have furnished a complete answer to the German air force in Sicily, and it would have involved the maintenance of a force dependent on sea-borne supplies, a drain on our resources and an added risk to our shipping and naval units.

Admittedly the German counter-stroke came in a strength that constituted a surprise, but that rather confirms than gives reason to doubt the wisdom of the original decision to halt.

THE WAR AT SEA

By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond

THE month that has passed, between mid-March and mid-April, has witnessed the unsuccessful sally made by the Italian fleet—presumably under pressure from Italy's German masters, for such activity is wholly alien to the Italian naval mind—with the object of striking at the British convoys on their way with troops to Greece. The sally was obviously made in the assurance that no interruption by the British battle squadron was to be expected: for the Italian battle forces were divided and therefore exposed, if discovered by the British, to destruction in detail. In spite of their numerical equality in battleship strength, with the accompaniment of one modern ship of greater strength than any individual ship in the British squadron, and of very considerable superiority in cruisers, the Italian fleet did not challenge the British in battle: it sought to gain its ends, the cutting of the sea communications with Greece, by evasion, not by the more drastic process of victory in battle.

There seems to be reason to believe that the damaged Italian battleship reached Taranto. It was perhaps too much to hope that a modern battleship would be sunk by two, or it may be three, torpedoes. As it is probable that the ships damaged in the Taranto raid of some months ago are by now approaching the completion of their repair, if indeed some are not already repaired, the resumption of an air offence against them is eminently desirable. The difficulty of obtaining successful results against individual ships, big though the target they offer may appear to be, has been demonstrated by the want of success against the two battle cruisers in the port of Brest, against which the most gallant efforts have been made. But Taranto offers other good targets—the dockyard in which the repairs are made, and the personnel of the dockyard who effect them. The population of Malta has not been spared by the German and Italian air forces. The workers in the dockyard of Taranto, and the resources of the port, are eminently fit objects of attack.

The desirability of eliminating, by every possible means, the heavy ships of the Italian fleet is amply demonstrated by the raid carried out by the two German battle cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*. These two powerful ships, in a comparatively prolonged cruise, sank over a score of ships: and the injury they did is by no means measured solely in terms of lost ships and in lost cargoes, serious as these are, but also in the dislocation and delay of traffic that such events invariably cause. There are three ways, and three only, by which trade can be effectively protected: the capture of the bases from which commerce raiders operate, and the destruction of the raiders and their facilities in those bases; the maintenance of strong cruising forces in the principal focal areas of trade; and convoy. Of these, the first in the present condition of affairs is not practicable, for, as mentioned earlier, the destruction of the ships at Brest by air attack cannot be relied upon as a decisive measure, even though some injury may be caused. Of the other two methods, "cruisers" and "convoy," both, if they are to meet the needs, must be conducted by vessels capable of meeting the attacker: that is to say, they require the services of ships that can at least fight and preferably overtake the German battle cruisers. Profiting by experience, the enemy is now working his ships not singly but in company: and therefore the need for battleship forces in the convoys is plain. Nothing is more vain, as long experience and the merest commonsense demonstrate, than to make "sweeps" into the ocean with battleship forces. The sea is too large, the chances of coming into the enemy too small; and, even if contact is made, it can only be unfruitful unless the ships are speedy enough to overhaul the enemy. The battle cruisers are nominally 27 knot ships, but in all probability are capable of a higher speed. Our older battleships cannot overhaul them and, as an old admiral in the past once said of a similar situation, "it is like setting a cow to catch a hare" to send battleships to sweep the ocean for these elusive customers.

The freeing of the heavy ships from the Mediterranean by the elimination of the corresponding Italian ships, would be worth many thousand tons of British shipping: but the possibility that the next destination of the battle cruisers themselves may be the Mediterranean, in order to bolster up the wretched Italian fleet, is not to be overlooked in the present juncture, when so much in the two military compaigns in Greece and North Africa depends on the command of the sea.

The clearing of the Red Sea of enemy fighting craft by the

military victories of Eritrea and Somaliland is a comfortable relief, small though those forces are and comparatively ineffectual though they have proved themselves. An Italian speaker has pronounced a threat, aimed at the recent declaration that the Red Sea is no longer a closed area to American shipping, that Italian naval forces will still be operating there. It is not outside the bounds of possibility that a commerce raider may make her appearance in those waters and that it will be necessary to be prepared for such an event: but without any base in Africa, within the Red Sea or on the coast of the Indian Ocean, such an appearance can be fitful only at the most. It is to be supposed that raiders are still at large, both Italian and German in the Indian waters and the Pacific, receiving their supplies from Japanese sources, for we have not been told of the destruction of any other than the *Ramb I* which had presumably been operating from Kismayu and Mogadishu: and these, operating as they are likely to be, in pairs, will continue to enforce upon us the use of convoys for the voyages in those parts.

It is to be hoped that cruisers, as distinguished from armed-merchant cruisers, are becoming available for those services. It is indeed interesting at this state of the commerce warfare, to look back upon the views expressed fifty-one years ago by Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby. In his opinion, the use of armed merchant vessels for convoy purposes was wrong: it was the regular naval cruiser that should be employed upon that service, while he would have used the armed vessel for the scouting duties of the fleet. His calculation of our needs in cruisers was that we needed no less than 186 for the trade routes only, apart from any required for fleet scouting: and he reminded the British public of his day that the frigate forces in the old wars had numbered over 400. We must not be surprised, in this war, if we find it difficult to give an adequate protection to our commerce, with a cruiser force of the dimensions to which it was restricted by the London Treaty.

Shipping losses have continued at a high figure. The combination of the armoured cruiser, the raiding armed surface vessel, the submarine, the mine, the motor-torpedo boat, and the long distance bomber is a truly formidable one, for which we were very inadequately prepared. By some curious aberration a belief had arisen in certain circles in Whitehall that the submarine no longer constituted a danger. How such a belief could be entertained, how it was that there was no opposition to such a view, must remain a mystery: as it must

also be a mystery why we were so inadequately furnished with a flotilla of motor-torpedo and gun-boats. For although we might legitimately have expected that France could hold out and that her ports would not be at the disposal of the enemy, the possibility of an overrunning of the Low Countries and the use of their ports for torpedo craft of this type, was only too evident: and the boasts of the Italians about the potentialities of their flotillas had been heard throughout the period of sanctions. Yet we, who were the pioneers in the development of this type of craft, had made only the most meagre provision for a supply before the war. These, however, valuable as they are in the Narrow Seas for dealing with the corresponding so-called "E" boats, are of little use in those deep water ocean areas in which the submarines are now working. It is the destroyer, the sloop and the corvette which are capable of work to the westward that we need for the combat with the submarine and these in turn require cover from attack against heavier forces using Brest.

The "Battle of the Atlantic" is not confined in fact to the submarines and aircraft operation in the westward approaches. It is a vast combination embracing the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean and the Pacific: a combination of heavy ships, light craft, aircraft, submarines, dockyards, the land communication of those dockyards, the personnel which works in them. The call upon the fighting services is for an intense offensive against all these objectives: and the call is one that is more likely to increase than to diminish.

POLICING THE AIR

By Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton

ONE lesson at least this War has already taught us, and that is *Of the Efficacy of the Bomber*, more especially in the night sky. It is a fair inference, moreover, that as the war proceeds aircraft of all types, for whatever purpose they may be constructed, will show a gradual improvement in the various essentials of design. Sub-stratospheric flight, for instance, is not far off, and on the day that it arrives the anti-aircraft gun, the searchlight and the aural listening-post will cease to influence the course of battle in the air. Even if it does not come in time to take part in the present struggle it will most surely follow shortly after, so that the ensuring peace-time interval will witness the perfecting of this form of flight in preparation for the war to come. A subsidiary lesson we have also learnt is that the fighter and the bomber rule the roost above, and are in fact the principles of air war in the same way that good and evil are the variants of human conduct. The fighter is the sworn enemy of the bomber, and the latter is its natural prey. Eliminate the fighter and the bomber could fly unmolested on air paths leading everywhere; reduce the bomber and the fighter would at once lack *raison d'être*.

The Air Force of the world's Great Powers are variously composed, but in each case the two above types of aircraft numerically overshadow all the rest, such others having a specialized purpose to perform, co-operation, fleet-spotting, torpedo attack and so on, which lies apart from the main battle in the sky. Of the two it is clearly the bomber of the immediate future, possibly improved out of all recognition, with assisted take-off, a ceiling ten miles high, a speed through the rarefied atmosphere at that altitude of at least 500 miles an hour, and a weight-carrying capacity higher than any yet known, which will be the handle for aggression in the years to come. Its crew can laugh all forms of ground defence to scorn, while the enlargement of its occupying space, consequent on altitude, will enable it to bid defiance to the fighter, particularly at night. As an engine of destruction it will be supreme. Is

there any way in which this aerial Moloch can be diverted from its purpose and compelled to subserve the needs of peace instead of war?

It is quite certain that progressive nations will never forego the profitable conveniences of transportation by air simply because the civilian aircraft can be transformed into a bomber at short notice. Indeed it would be a poor reflection on human courage if such an inglorious retreat from scientific achievement in nature's last realm to be conquered were ever seriously considered. This War will resemble the last in that it will provide a mighty stimulus for aeronautical development, and, as on that last occasion, commercial aviation will eventually reap an immense harvest from the seeds so richly sown during the period of hostilities. When peace arrives it is natural to assume that it will endure for at least a score of years and during that period it may well come about that ocean liners will be largely superseded by the air's successful rivalry. But such a glowing picture of the near future will be smudged and robbed of all its beauty of perfection if the bomber is permitted to keep pace with that development, and can continue to exercise its threat on cities from the safe altitude of the substratosphere. In that case there will be no security against war's recurrence and the world will be upheaved at intervals as it was before. At all costs this must be prevented.

Actually the means of this prevention are now at hand and it is the ironical truth that the deeds of science, harnessed to machines of war, have created them. For it is the super-weapon nowadays which alone enables warmongering nations to pounce on their small neighbours and induce a world-wide state of war, and of all super-weapons, the submarine, the tank and the bomber, it is the latter which is the main destructive agent in the hands of the unscrupulous aggressor. A nation which has been wholly disarmed in this one respect can say farewell to military power, for at the first signs of resurgence on its part its cities could be laid low one by one, and not all the striking capacity of its mechanized divisions could compensate for the deprivation of its air power, nor for its consequent inability to conduct reprisal bombings. In modern war a nation once conquered and overrun cannot rise again in armed rebellion to throw off its chains. For its liberation it must wholly depend on the course of events outside its boundaries, provided that the power which overran it is still being confronted by a well-armed and determined adversary. Otherwise it will be permanently enchained, as far as permanence applies

to the vagaries of an ever-shifting world. In former days wars of liberation were quite often waged successfully, the reason being the absence of the super-weapon from the scene. Men then fought breast to breast, or with muskets at short range, and the sword, or other weapon, could be fashioned secretly or disinterred from hiding places when freedom's lovers gathered for the fray. But neither the tank nor the bomber can be produced in secret, and even less can they be disposed of underground to await a day of wakening. Once down a nation so conquered and overrun must stay down until the machinations of a deliverer from outside have borne successful fruit. There is no other hope.

Fortunately for the future peace of the world there is an application of the above conclusion that directly affects the present situation. This war is pre-eminently an air war, and it is the weight of the bomber's broadside that will eventually decide it. It is, for instance, our own avowed aim to accumulate air power, with America's help, until we possess not alone a local, but a universal mastery of the air. It follows therefore that we shall emerge at the end of hostilities as the world's greatest air power, as indeed we did on the last occasion. But then, as fate and national stupidity would have it, we threw to the winds the great air weapon that lay within our hands, rapidly seceding from pre-eminence to the low order of a fifth, or sixth, world air power. That of course will not happen again, if only for the sufficient reason that we have suffered too sharply for our neglect. On this occasion we will control the air of Europe by ourselves, and, together with America, the world's air will be in the keeping of the English-speaking races. Then will be the time for them to play the part of air-policemen, forbidding a recrudescence of their former air power to all other nations and thus safeguarding peace. It will be a golden opportunity which must not be lost, and we will not prove worthy of our final victory if we lose it.

But how are we to implement the immense power that will be at our disposal? We must constitute ourselves the guarantors against aggression, visiting condign punishment on the heads of those who may still be ambitious in that direction, and our instrument will be the bomber. It will follow naturally that air power will be forbidden to any other nation, and this condition can be readily enforced owing to the fact that our present enemies will be lying prostrate and defeated, while the nations they have overrun have been disarmed already. The very fact of war will have prepared the ground for the

transformation, and the technical perfection of the bomber, likewise a product of the bitter struggle, will render the more easy of accomplishment the air-policemen's task. Nations which have remained outside the struggle and which dispose of large air power, such as Russia and Japan, must be forcibly coerced into agreement with the programme of disarmament, even at the cost of further war. The combination of the English-speaking races will be against them, with a vast Air Force at command and a highly trained personnel, rich in war's experience, to man it. It is little likely that either country would prove recalcitrant when confronted with such an array of power and with a purpose so defiant to banish war forever from the earth. It may happen, on the other hand, that they also become embroiled before the Axis Powers are defeated, in which case, whatever side they take, they will either be involved in the general ruin of their partners or share the responsibilities of the victors, and make common cause to air-police the world.

In this way, and in this way only, can the spectre of further war be banished, and in no more appropriate way could such banishment be brought about. For its own sinister purposes war has sharpened its weapons to such a nicety of edged perfection that they are meet at last to be used in the interests of universal peace. The light is clearer now than on the last occasion for the present war is much more devastating than that of 1914-18. This time it is a staring light which cannot be evaded. The way lies straight before us and we shall take it.

"MOON IS ONLY MOON"

By Elisabeth Myers

THE landscape is very lonely. The wild garden of the bog stretches on and on to the foot of a mountain, the colour of parsnips, that bellies humorously in the far distance.

Now that autumn has come the myriad plants of the bog stand arrayed in gold and bloody tatters, and the heather, where it has seized a chance to strike out, runs like fire above the long wands of deep water that, ever widening, fan out to a great lake of copper-hued water where the open sky is an ardent shining amethyst, like the far gateway to Tir na n'Og, the Country of the Young.

There is no road or cottage in sight. The only passage over the bog is by an uncertain causeway that might land you slap into the morass unless you know the place like your own reflection.

Two old men coming in opposite directions meet on the causeway.

"And how are you, yourself, dear?" the little man asks of his acquaintance, a tall old fellow whose black hair, growing down his ivory jaws in rakish strips, is untouched by grey.

"Fine. Fine. Are you well, an' all?"

"As well as me age allows. What's this? All your high-day and bonfire-night clothes on! Going to some do, is it, mister honey?"

"Yis. I'm away to the Clancey boy's weddin' at Clewbannin. He'll be married be now, but it isn't the ceremony I mind so much as the chanst to be among the girls, the dhrink, an' the dancin'!"

"Sure, you ought to be done with all that be now," says the little man brightly. He is shrivelled and pink in appearance, like a shrimp. His eyes are found, brown, and childlike, his name is Patsy O'Lara.

The tall man gives him a resentful look out of his piercing light blue eyes.

"You to be saying that!" he mutters. "Don't you know the song and the dance 'll never be over for me."

"Faith, your hot-heart sort dies down the hard way, Desmond," replies Patsy cheerfully. "Wasn't he your own boy, an' all, this Hector Clancey that's gettin' married?"

"Husht!" cautions Desmond Regan. The two look round the bog very guardedly. Patsy says scornfully:

"What's to hear us but the screaming snipe and the red worm beneath us? You an' your hushts an' your hists, an' it's the unborn childer know about yourself an' Maire Clancey in the days gone by."

If he expects shame to settle upon Desmond, Patsy will be disappointed for, forgetting caution and propriety, Desmond draws himself to his full height, knocks his wide-brimmed slouch hat to a fetching angle, and a proud humorous look comes into his long face.

"Do you tell me!", he says. "Ach—she was the best woman I ever held to me heart! Gentle she was, *and* audacious, the both together. A man likes nothing better! D'you know that, Patsy-a-wee? But, of course, you don't know."

"I do, too," mumbles Patsy, stung. "I had me moments the same as you!"

The wind in the tall amber reeds gets up in a derisive hoot.

"Did you? Then you know well a combination like that is not to be beaten, and it never has been beaten—for me. I mind the day Maire and I came together. I'd known her a wee while, of course. I said to my wicked self:—"I must catch this fish in my net." So there she was that day in the kitchen. I'd called for to buy half of a field off her husband, Leary Clancey. Himself was out and she'd been doin' the washing. Did you ever see something romantic in a woman doin' the washing, Patsy? Lord, I did. The most of my days I've been goin' up and down this long country, seeing romance in homely things many a bitching omadawn would pass by.

"Well—Maire and I we talked of this an' that. She made a cup o' tay. We stood together at the fireside. All that curly black hair of hers was glistening like violets in the firelight. Ah—lovely she was. Like fruit she was. Like a beautiful bright dog was her face! I could go on for ever seeing her in this an' that of the world's choice things! I felt carried away. I put down me cup. I drew her to me.

"'D'you fancy me?' I says, an' fell to kissin' her. She didn't mind an' I made the bolder ones.

"'D'you like kisses this way?' I axed her. She said she did.

"'I could go on giving kisses like this for a long time,' I said.

That was the beginning.

After a while this baby, Hector Clancey, is coming to town. Maire makes no more ado but she ups an' tells Leary, an' she tells him the father. I'm there at the time, sitting supping with the both of them. His face darkens like an eclipse! For a minnut I am thinking it is he will throw the skillet of spuds at me. An' then the storm within him is over.

"'Stan' up, Desmond Regan,' my man says to me. I do, humouring him, an' he gets to his legs as well.

"'You show good sense,' says he, 'in payin' the supreme homage to a woman like me wife. For that I'll shake you by the hand. But,' he says, 'you overreach yourself when you take to fathering me wife's children. That's my job, an' well I can attend to it. Don't let it occur again,' he says, 'or nex' time, I'll get vexed!'

"That was his sort—a snug darling man he was, God love him! There never was a next time, of course, for Maire goes an' falls in love with him all over again on account of his chivalrous words. 'Deed, there's hardly another man would ha' said 'em. But Leary Clancey was like God in that he'd forgive you *anythin'* at all!"

"Still, I've small doubt you got consolation some other place," observes Patsy, dryly.

"Sure. Sure I did. Och—the times I've had, mister man, the times I've known! When I think about the past—musha, I get a sore heart!"

Mournfully he sniffs the aromatic smell coming off the bog-myrtle.

But Patsy says:—

"Ah, look here! You're getting an old man an' it's time to be done with late nights an' penny ices! The things you cared for wance upon a time are taken from you one by one so's you'll begin to look for their equivalent in the One Who, in His wisdom, took 'em away."

Desmond looks at Patsy, with his mouth open. After a minute he says in a loud sad voice:

"Sure, now, aren't you the sensible little scutt that can see the same with eyes wide open? Aren't you the lucky oul' codger that can spit with the wind, hah? But, o' murder! It's not the same for me at all. I only know that the years are

playing a big tateraraa on me bones, that I'm spent and without sway. Of a night-time the moon does be rising above the lasting Irish hills, but, when I look out o' the windy now I see that the moon is only the moon! O, my grief! When I was seventeen all the girls were round my trousers, but now, I am finished."

He turns a yearning cross old face to the indifferent beautiful sky.

The bog-larks sweep up in a flock from the swamp, and a regimented row of water-buttercups trembles in the rush of air. The plants stand arrayed in autumn tatters.

The landscape is very lonely.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

Difficulties of democracy always look bigger according to the scale of that perpetually renewed experiment; and if the United States has provided incredibly vast resources so that democracies—in the firing line, may some day have abundant guns and tanks and planes, labour organizations answer with strikes to match. In short, big business, when it is not a state business, may end in a great hold-up of work; and if it were not that the head of the State can interfere at least by remonstrance, the democracy's accepted policy might be defeated. German and Italian influence may have helped to bring about the strikes, but probably the deciding factor would be conviction of some labour leader who thinks that America should keep out of all contact with war—and presses his view regardless of the majority's right to decide. In other words, he stands for the minority's right to obstruct. Nobody will tolerate this when the State is at war, and it may be that these organized strikes will be the thing which decides America's entry. In a book called *Foundations of Victory*,* Lord Davies, discussing all aspects of the war very clearly in popular terms, disposes as I think completely of the view that the United States helps us better by staying out. He remembers much more clearly than most men what happened in the last war, as is only natural, since he was one of Mr. Lloyd George's private secretaries after America came in; and he sees no reason to doubt that the equipment provided would be made available where it was most needed: in short, that co-operation would be thorough and effective. I am less sure of this than I could wish—but very sure of the moral effect in Germany and Italy if America did come in.

Lord Davies' Project

But the project which Lord Davies puts forward as essential not merely to victory but to a lasting peace seems entirely utopian—and belonging to the worst kind of utopia, one where nobody would want to live. He proposes a Commonwealth of

*Collins. 2s. 6d.

the British-speaking peoples which should take charge of the world—for that is what it comes to. What Asia might say to such a proposition I have no idea; but Europe, and probably all of Latin America, would entirely decline to have law and order handed out to them on an Anglo-Saxon platter. To put it shortly, Lord Davies is making a great mistake; he thinks that France has ceased to exist and his whole argument implies that Great Britain lies outside and distinct from Europe and that its people are unlikely to co-operate with the States of Europe "until they are convinced that the latter are prepared to mend their ways." France, for instance, is to get rid of its "militarism." As if the trouble had not been that France was too little militarist; too much a teacher of pacifism in its schools, too little ready to use the weapons which it possessed at the time when they were irresistible. But we shall not get anywhere until it is recognized that Paris and not London appears to Europe the centre of European civilization; it appears so to Egyptians, I am told, even after England has held Egypt for half a century.

No settlement can be helpful which is made without the assistance of France as an equal partner because France more than any European country speaks and thinks in terms intelligible to all Europe. But I agree profoundly with Lord Davies on the matter to which he has persistently devoted himself—the necessity for a police force to see that international order is maintained; and I agree that it might begin with a force maintained by the English-speaking democracies. It could probably draw also on soldiers of this war, continentals who had served with the British forces—Poles, Belgians, Free French or Czechs; it could certainly command from America men like Mr. Wendell Willkie, fully democratized Americans yet conscious of German origin. I agree also that we private citizens do well to think and speculate, privately and publicly on these matters; but I cannot believe that the time is near when either the British or the United States Government should do more than indicate their own purposes—which have been made sufficiently clear, though in very general terms.

* * * * *

A Broken Pledge

Hungary offers a painful spectacle; the Hungarians that I have known were men who would not easily depart from their pledged word, nor easily stand silent when their country publicly broke faith. A few months back, Hungary and Yugoslavia exchanged assurances of eternal friendship; and now Hungary has its

active part in the attempt to blot out Yugoslav independence. There are, it seems, many converts to the new order and its principles among the Hungarian governing class; but Count Teleki, the Prime Minister, was not one of them. The face we are shown in newspaper photographs is not that of a masterful man; it is the face of a thoughtful sensitive—neither rash nor headstrong. Not easily nor suddenly was such a man brought to one of the suicides which are memorable as the supreme protest of a single nature against events or forces that it cannot control, and yet refuses to countersign by even continuing existence. The Hungarians have been a chivalrous people; this man's act reminds us—and reminds them—of the standard which they desert.

* * * * *

Evidently neither Italy nor Germany contemplates at present any early freedom of movement on the seas. What other conclusion can be drawn from their concerted decision to scuttle or burn out any ships at present in American harbours? This variant of the Jolly Roger looks consumedly like a white flag; and if the subjects of the Duce or the Führer do at any time exercise the faculty of thought, what they deduct from these items of news cannot be cheering. But we have already reached the point where we should automatically condole with men for being Italians. They have been kicked out of Africa—where nevertheless they had a part to play and were playing it honourably where they had an honourable title, in Eritrea. In Italy they can no longer call their souls their own: hardly even so much as the French in unoccupied France. It looks however as if Italy might ultimately slide out of inglorious war into ignominious peace. With Germany that is not conceivable; the Germans have been educated to savage butchery and when a break comes they will exercise it on one another. It would be of great interest to know the disposition of minds in those Baltic States which after long experience of German landlords are now Russianized. What do they think of their neighbours across the frontier? What do their neighbours think of them? Does the Russian order of life seem preferable to the German, as at present established?

One thing at least is clear. With each new military entanglement in which Germany is involved, Stalin is less afraid of Hitler—less afraid even of showing independence. He plucked up spirit to rebuke Bulgaria; he went to the frontier of action when he signed a pact of friendship and non-aggression with Yugoslavia. Since it was not clear how either could aggress

on the other, the significant part was a declaration of friendship, made when Hitler and Goebbels were raking up the register of old calumnies that had served against the Czech—not entirely without effect in the England of that day. But Stalin, for good reasons, is not so easily credulous as Mr. Chamberlain.

* * * * *

The English Scene

England continues to be itself: slightly troubled as to the withdrawal in Libya but otherwise so cheerful that a friend of mine arriving from France could scarcely believe what her eyes showed in the country town near here: such a happy bustle. In another way, England shows itself unchanged; Government left a free vote of the House of Commons to decide whether theatres should or should not be open on Sundays, and the House voted no. Colonel Wedgwood, whom I always take to be about the best representative of the institution, voted with the majority, and he certainly is no puritan and as certainly is a Liberal. But he is a good judge of what England really wants; and England's feeling for logic is never acute. The English would certainly resent it if the cinema was closed; but they have a notion that cinemas are run by machinery, whereas actors when they are acting must work. Yet in fact, hundreds of actors spend their Sundays in the worst form of laboriousness —travelling by Sunday trains—and would a deal sooner be acting.

The Budget may be described as England's way of translating "We can take it" into terms of finance. But when it came among winds that April borrowed from the bitterest moments of March, one thought with fury of all the privations inflicted by lunatic megalomania on innumerable gentle cultivated folk to whom war-time does not bring the chance of extra earning which comes to so many. They don't complain, but they feel none the less and in most cases have nothing for it but to endure.

Those who are in the actual danger zone—and perhaps London has the most perils—may know at least excitement, and even exhilaration. A book signed simply "Warden" with the title *Dusk to Dawn*, records the observations of a man with sensitive mind on duty in London during these times. Since the writer by his own avowal is painter and poet and the son of a sculptor, it is not surprising that much of what he records are impressions of beauty. Of course either painter or poet of the accepted post-war type might have given a riot

of the ugly and macabre; but, being old-fashioned, "Warden" picks out stories that move us in a very simple way; cockney courage, cockney humour, and, now and then, something almost too good to be true like the case of the little East-end girl, bombed out for the second time. She escaped but cried so bitterly for her pet budgerigar that the warden went to look for its cage in the wreckage, found it, but the bird escaped. How bird and child come together is simply but perfectly told. The writer is a specialist on pubs and he has much to say of them; but on the whole these are war-time reflections rather than descriptions; and very good some of them are—whether he has to speak of conscientious objectors or of Mr. Churchill. I have read nothing less inadequate about the Prime Minister than half a dozen pages—which are in the main an anthology of quotations from his greatest speech. In many ways the book is an anthology—reproducing for instance that unforgettable letter from an airman to his mother written before going into action where he fell. But above all, it is a tribute to London. "Warden" makes us feel what was the charm of his riverside home (somewhere Hammersmith way), as well as his resentment that it should be irreparably ruined. Yet one is left with the feeling that even the essential familiar beauty of London will be saved by him and his innumerable fellow-workers, such as the shelter-marshal George, in private life an undertaker. When peace comes, the Warden and George are trysted to celebrate it in their old dug-out, on tables improvised from coffin sides and the trestles they stand on. On that occasion, will George wear the frock coat and silk hat assumed when he goes out on a professional call? or the tin hat and long overcoat in which he went arrayed, when he, five foot four put the fear of God into a six footer "full of tea after closing time" who was making himself a nuisance?

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CORRESPONDENCE

"The Only Good German . . . . . ."

To the Editor of The Fortnightly.

Sir,

An article by Mr. Robert Powell in the April number of The Fortnightly contains the following passages: "In a much read pamphlet appear the words: 'To mankind as a whole, Germans have brought nothing but misery in all its forms—force and fraud, fraud and force, that is the old German creed.'" [i.e. *Black Record* by Sir Robert Vansittart.] "If we substituted British for German how easy would it be to produce hundreds of similar expressions in Nazi literature! This denunciation is logically on a par with Hitler's very broad generalizations against the 'pluto-democratic' British and Jews. If we accept such an all-embracing denunciation it is impossible to see where we are to find the Germans with whom to make a real peace," and with regard to "Sir Robert Vansittart's brochure, it is interesting to note that the latter's devastating condemnations of certain German atrocities are too often based upon his experience of one class which to the British diplomat constituted Germany."

Sir Robert Vansittart, a man of exceptional ability, experience and opportunities for forming a sound judgment, has simply explained the true facts about Germany and the terrible danger to us all if these truths are ignored. Like Sir Robert I also spent a considerable time in Germany in the nineties. Though not a diplomat I saw then what Sir Robert saw, what history proves without a shadow of doubt, and what all Poles, Czechs, Frenchmen and all others who have the misfortune to be the neighbours of Germany realize instinctively, and who draw the obvious conclusions. Sir Robert's comparison of the German nation *as a whole* to the Butcher-bird is as correct as it is important; on the recognition of this truth will depend our very existence. It is only a certain section of people in this country who refuse to see that Black is not White; but this

section, whether unconsciously or consciously, is playing the game of the Butcher-bird and is a source of great danger.

There are paid traitors in all countries; in Great Britain like the rest. With such persons as also with those who for personal gain seek to rebuild, after this war as after the last, a strong Germany, and by lending her money to furnish her with the means of attacking us and her neighbours a third time and fatally, it is waste of time to explain that Black is not White. But those who, like Mr. Robert Powell, still honestly doubt the chronic danger of the Butcher-bird and all it entails, should pause before ignoring the overwhelming evidence of the history of the past 2,000 years, and before setting their preconceived notions against the unanimous opinion of all Germany's neighbours and of all those whose judgment is not obscured by the Channel.

Yours, etc.,

AUBREY WEEDON.

3, Ferris Town,
Truro, Cornwall.

IN DURANCE VILE

THE PRIME MINISTER

has described how, when he was a Prisoner of War in Boer hands, "life was one long boredom from dawn till slumber." The hours crawled like "paralytic centipedes."

42 YEARS LATER

another British Prisoner of War writes from the German Prison Camp Stalag-Luft :

"It is the mental stagnation which is so difficult to combat. Life here is just the same. I never know the date or even the month. We just live for the next letter or parcel."

●

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BRITAIN'S BARREN ACRES

By Viscount Bledisloe

MAKE FRUITFUL THE LAND, by Sir R. George Stapledon. The Democratic Order, No 3. *Kegan Paul* 1*s*.

Sir George Stapledon, in his expert contribution on the necessity of restoring fertility to Britain's barren acres, seems to give colour and justification to the whole series of pamphlets on "the democratic order" by his illuminating and timely reminder, "After the war, nothing can be quite the same again, because nothing must be *allowed* to be quite the same again." This must be made crystal clear to the whole population of these Islands. We have definitely, courageously, constructively, and without prejudice, to plan for a new world and ourselves to point the way to it in "England's green and pleasant land," where alone a sound foundation can be laid.

As Sir George wisely points out, "the goal must be progress and not destruction, creativeness and not morbid cravings run riot." He advocates the maximum possible acreage of cultivated land, maintained in good heart, and the establishment of "flexible" systems of farming, as the proper objective to pursue with a view to making this country as nearly as possible self-supporting. In this connection he emphasizes the importance of "ley farming," *i.e.*, the system under which, in lieu of permanent pasture, every field on a farm is ploughed out in succession for raising cereal corn and other food crops, some part of the farmed unit being grassed down for from two to six years in due rotation. This is true wisdom, for, except in certain notable areas, such as parts of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, where the rich old pastures can carry a bullock to the acre, the starved grazing lands of Britain consist largely, not of good grasses and clovers, but of green weeds of no nutritive value—masquerading as grass,—resting upon a thick mat of roots obstructing contact with the soil, which is often so seriously waterlogged as to chill the latter, retard early growth and promote the spread of sedges, rushes and moss.

My main criticism of Sir George's pamphlet (and it is based upon my experience as Chairman of the Land Drainage Royal Commission of 1928) is indeed that, while emphasizing the *lack* of "laid on" water in the fields and homesteads of many of our farms, he underrates the serious effects of *excess* of surface water due to defective drainage. This reduces by at least 60 per cent. the productivity of one-fifth of the potentially most fertile land in Great Britain. The problem can never be solved without greater uniformity of regional administration and

more drastic treatment of recalcitrant owners of waterlogged land. The dangerous and persistent shrinkage in recent years of arable cultivation, with concurrent dependence upon overseas for supplies, the impoverishment of the land and its cultivators and the lack of adequate farm equipment which Sir George deplores are all alike due to the apathy and ignorance, myopia and neglect of all British Governments (dependent politically on a self-centred urban electorate) towards rural welfare and home food production. The result has been a deep-seated feeling of insecurity and lack of enterprise on the part of all the classes which constitute the agricultural community.

While British Governments have for the last two decades, with unconscious insouciance, been undermining the solvency and stability of the rural population, they have attempted by piecemeal palliatives to ward off the natural bankruptcy of our agricultural industry. Their most profound error—unparalleled in any other civilized country—has lain in the entire absence of any comprehensive plan for the nation's husbandry, based on essential national requirements.

There are many sincere patriots, including most of the authors of these pamphlets, who seek a remedy in Land Nationalization—in other words the expropriation of agricultural (as well as urban) landowners, and the subsequent control of the land and its productive processes by officials operating *longâ manu* in the citadel of bureaucracy in Whitehall. If the latter were trained and experienced farmers—which they certainly are not—this revolutionary experiment might be justified in its result. But, unless it were limited to the conversion of all freeholds into long leases (say 999 years) from the State at a peppercorn rent, with covenants to secure the optimum use of the land and the maximum output of food for man and beast, such a scheme is doomed to failure. More promising would be the appointment, on the Continental model, of fully experienced State "Agronomes," who would be available in all agricultural areas to advise, direct and, if need be, coerce ignorant or incompetent farmers.

If Sir George Stapledon's aspirations and policy are correct (and in the main I believe that they are), it might be prudent for the State, on the advice of County or Regional Agricultural Committees, to differentiate between good and bad (or indifferent) landowners and farmers, giving definite encouragement to the former category by remission of death duties, greater fixity of tenure, and a secured margin of profit adequate to secure a wage comparable with that of the urban worker, while mercilessly removing from the land those whose mismanagement, inefficiency or neglect are impeding the full food output of this potentially fertile county. Confidence would thus be restored, capital and enterprise would return to our countryside, and the manufacturing community would find in the enhanced purchasing power of our rural population some monetary compensation for the partial loss of their export trade.

Sir George deplores, as we all must do, the deterioration of our farm houses and rural cottages. It is, however, significant to note that the capital value of many farm houses and farm-

tied cottages is as great as, if not greater than, that of the entire agricultural holdings (including buildings and fixed equipment) of which they form part. Sir George rightly advocates a continuity and identity between war-time and peacetime husbandry. Failing this, there can be no effective insurance against the risk hereafter of national starvation. Moreover if (as would become practicable by a much greater intensification of productive effort) two-thirds of our essential foodstuffs were raised from the soil of Britain, the task of our Navy, Mercantile Marine and Air Force would be immeasurably lightened.

THE FUTURE IN EDUCATION, by Sir Richard Livingstone. *Cambridge University Press.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Sir Richard Livingstone touches nothing which he does not illuminate, and this little book is no exception; it shows the edges of a fresh mind attacking the tangled growths of the most important problem which awaits this country after the war, the problem of how to create an educated nation; his attack is that of a scholar and an idealist. It is to be hoped that he will find many readers, even though he does not offer, and does not pretend to offer, a complete solution.

He begins by stating that future generations will view our termination of all education for the vast majority at the age of fourteen as we view the debtor's prison and the child labour of the unenlightened past, and he goes on to state the ignored educational principle that "without theory practice is unintelligent, without practice theory is not understood." There are some subjects which you cannot properly appreciate, nor fully learn, without experience of life, and among these are not only philosophy and politics, but history and literature. School education is successful if a pupil takes away the appetite to know, and the capacity to learn, and "the good schoolmaster is known by the number of valuable subjects that he declines to teach"—Progress, therefore, will not come by raising the school age, though the author is quite clear that there should be part-time educational control up to the age of 18, and he dismisses with contempt the slogan of Secondary Education for All, which merely means adding to the secondary schools vast numbers of those least able to profit by them. He looks instead for help to the field of adult education.

He deals at some length with the Danish People's High Schools, which he claims to be the only successful experiment yet seen in the work of educating the masses. This is the most valuable chapter of the book, for far too little is known in this country of this fruitful enterprise. These High Schools have three great merits, that they deal with adults, who have had experience of life, that they are residential and create a common atmosphere of high co-operation, and they are essentially spiritual. They rouse intelligences and they inspire idealism. They have not tried to teach Danes how to farm, but they have roused the passionate desire to farm successfully. The author pictures a time when each local Education Authority here will have its own House of Education on this model. It sounds like a dream at present, for we have only nine places of instruction which approximate to this type and to

be on a level with Denmark we should need more than seven hundred. We have, moreover, a very complex social system as compared with the simple economy of the Danes. But this word of warning is not meant to suggest that the idea is impracticable; only that success would be much more difficult to obtain.

There are three other chapters. The first on Cultural Studies in Adult Education contains a very good statement of the nature of a liberal education and of the methods by which history and literature might be made to reach the mind of the masses. It touches too briefly on the need for religion and the spiritual interpretation of life. The second, on Adult Education for the Educated, is a plea for the resumption for limited periods of systematic education in later life and the third is a criticism of Secondary Education. Here the author invites criticism, for he tends to write as if all adult students were potential poets and philosophers, and all secondary schoolboys nit-wits and Philistines. Secondary education is not a success, but the causes of failure lie much deeper. Much in this excellent book will tell you where to look for them. CYRIL NORWOOD.

KING GEORGE V., by John Gore. *John Murray.* 18*s.*

No more difficult task could be assigned to an author than to write the life of a king, recently deceased, deeply respected, and greatly loved. Readers who are specially interested in this or that part of the late king's career will doubtless find in this biography some lack of proportion; they will complain of over emphasis here or disappointing curtailment of the narrative there, but on a final consideration most critics will agree that Mr. Gore has performed his difficult task with conspicuous tact and skill. He has enjoyed many advantages. One was the fact that from boyhood until his death King George V. was scrupulously regular in writing his diary. An even greater, perhaps, has been the help given to the author by Her Majesty, Queen Mary, who read the type-script and the proof-sheets and "set him right" on "a score of points on which she is the best authority, and supplying many suggestions and a great deal of information of first-rate importance."

Nothing, indeed, comes out more clearly from the narrative (though the truth is never obtruded) than the contribution made by the Queen to the late King's happiness as a man, and his success as a sovereign. His marriage was an ideally happy and fortunate one, and his own references to the help and support given to him by the Queen are constant and cordial.

Mr. Gore has not neglected the njunction given by Cromwell to the airtist who painted his portrait to "paint him with his warts." None the less the strongest impression left upon the reader is the essential *goodness* of King George, the innocence of his private life, the regularity of his Bible-reading and religious exercises, his unselfishness and invariable consideration for servants, secretaries, ministers and indeed all with whom he was brought into close contact, and above all his humbleness of heart. Though devoid of morbidity and not too introspective the was King almost painfully aware of his limitations, and of the difficulties arising from an educational

régime which was a most inadequate preparation for the part he was accidentally called upon to play. The *Britannia* may be a good substitute for a public school, but in nothing did the late King and Queen Mary show their wisdom more clearly than in sending their eldest son to Oxford and the younger sons to Cambridge. Trigonometry is no substitute for the Humanities, and Mr. Gore reveals that it was not until King George had been "many years king that he began to educate himself in English and History. As his reading progressed he would naively inform his friends of the surprising discoveries he was making (e.g., "Did you know that George III was *not* a son of George II?")." Sir William Anson and Mr. (Sir Charles) Grant Robertson at least saved King Edward VIII from that degree of ignorance.

It may be objected that a disproportionate amount of space is allotted to the late king's naval career, that the extracts from his boyish diaries are too numerous and trivial, but two things come out clearly: that King George was an exceptionally attractive boy and that the boy was emphatically father to the man. Hasty, outspoken not to say explosive, the king was apt to cover his shyness by excessive volubility—especially in interviews with his ministers, but his innate kindliness and warmth of heart more than made amends for any superficial defects and endeared him to all his intimates. Of his father he stood somewhat in awe, but he loved him dearly, and to his mother he was devotedly attached. He had a touching affection for his brother and sisters and was a devoted father, though rather alarming to his sons. The "quarter-deck manner" as his biographer remarks remained with him throughout life. He was a strict disciplinarian; a pattern of punctuality; and a stern censor of modern manners: to "Jazz" for instance, short skirts, lipstick, and encarmined nails he was never reconciled. Of his qualities as a husband it were almost sacrilege to speak.

To one reader at least far the most interesting part of this volume is that devoted to the reign of the late king. Mr. Gore was strictly charged to write a character-study—"a personal memoir and not a study of the official aspects of the reign." But despite this limitation, most scrupulously observed, the account of the momentous quarter-century during which King George reigned is of surpassing interest. Not even in the *Letters of Queen Victoria* is there so clear a revelation of the terrible burden of kingship. "Doing my boxes"—what that alone meant, when daily repeated in the Diary can be faintly realized even from this personal memoir." No matter where the king was, shooting, racing, yachting (his favourite pastime), the "boxes" followed him and were never neglected. Did space permit much might be written of the crisis of the reign, of the cruel treatment of a man, quite new to his job, by the Liberal leaders in 1910, of the "Ulster" crisis in 1914, of the economic and political crisis of 1931, and not least of the anxieties of the war years. But all this is implied rather than described in the present narrative, and we can only be grateful to the author for what he has been permitted to reveal of a most lovable man.

J. A. R. Marriott.

HISTORY AS THE STORY OF LIBERTY, by Benedetto Croce. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This book was published in Italy in 1938. The first thing remarkable about it is that such a book, with its contemptuous denunciation of tyrants and 'brigands'—*quid, tiranne, quid minaris*? (I steal a quotation from Croce given us by Professor Ernest Barker)—should have been suffered to issue from Italy at all at the present time. The explanation may be in the frankly aristocratic interpretation which Croce gives to the "liberal outlook" and rationalism that he defends. "The liberal doctrine deprives itself of efficacious means of attracting to itself the vulgar of whatever social idea"—"mass successes." It has an "aristocratic character" and is for "true men." Marxism is dismissed by the idealist Croce as straight fallacy and Marxian communism is "the most flagrant oppression and the most contemptuous trampling underfoot of liberty."

"History is the history of liberty and liberty is the moral idea of humanity"—of liberty *igneus est vigor et coelestis origo*. Liberalism, in the course of history, arises again spontaneously in resistance wherever there is tyranny and from "the effective dissolution of communism." It may be suspected that such an interpretation of liberalism does not constitute a very grave threat to the present régime in Italy. This may be the explanation of the enigmatic tolerance of the censor. And, although it is an abomination to demand that a philosopher write like a journalist so that he who eats his breakfast porridge may read, in this book the corpuscles of ideas appear to be unnecessarily diffused in the lymph of words.

The English title is somewhat misleading. The Italian title is only *History* and, despite the above references, far the greater part of the book is devoted to that theme; is guiltless of reference to liberty; and will disappoint the reader who reads it with this reference in view. It contains the old familiar phrases of the Crocean semantics—'historiography,' 'ethico-political,' 'economico-practical,' and it includes full length discussions of Ranke's theory of history and Burckhardt's, and, of course, Vico's. It re-expounds the Crocean philosophy, with its emphasis upon history as the emancipation of philosophy from the false transcendental into the real which is the transitory. Any 'philosophy of history' in the old sense, in the sense of a Spengler or in the sense of an Arnold Toynbee, is rejected by Croce's new dialectical idealism. The Hegelian 'history as the development of the idea of liberty' is quite re-interpreted. The true is the spontaneous, not the rational diagram.

At the risk of paradox I would suggest that Croce's kinship with Fascism, like Bergson's, is closer than he himself would admit or suspect. His entire rejection of the Platonic notion of the enduring idea and value; his elevation of the importance of time, the transient struggle, the dynamic, the personal as individual, all has a detectable blood brotherhood with Fascism. His protest against tyrants is the cultured protest of a Tacitus against the Cæsars. But he, like Goethe, could consistently acclaim a Napoleon as "that world spirit," although he may view with contempt violent brigands and 'sawdust Cæsars.'

Croce's attempted reconciliation of Reality with Time (or History or Liberty) is a great philosophic endeavour. His problem is that also of Aldous Huxley, although Huxley answers it in the more orthodox, Christian and Buddhist sense. I frankly do not think Croce's solution convincing or fully successful. I believe that he is right in saying that the answer must be in terms of art and of the aesthetic judgment—if one will, of history and poetry, not of the solely transcendental, not of the 'economic-practical.' Croce 'takes time seriously.' This work is, of course, the work of a recognized master. But I do not believe Croce's own answer, with its glorification of the particular as real, to be enough. It elevates 'life' as final, devoid of plan—although not, for Croce, of guiding stars. And his philosophy of liberty as the birthright of the spontaneous personality—with which Hitler the Wagnerian more readily than Lincoln might agree—falls with this fallacy. Liberty, morally, is rather the right to experiment in the discovery of truth and, in turn, the personal expression of rational law and of truth found by conscience. It is not the spontaneous motley of History and the iridescence of the bubble of the transient.

GEORGE CATLIN.

JAMES JOYCE, by Herbert Gorman. *John Lane, The Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

Mr. Herbert Gorman describes his biography of James Joyce as definitive, although the very nature of things weighs against a definitive biography of a man whose influence on western culture has not achieved a final form. But the striking thing about Mr. Gorman's biography is that the early part is definite, while the later part is adulative and aerial. The reason for this is simple, for in the early part the biographer is able to focus clearly his subject against a period in history which he can interpret in all its glory of aspidistras and horse-hair sofas.

It was into this world of stuffed birds and big drum Imperialism that James Joyce was born in Dublin on February 2, 1882, His father, John Stanislaus, epitomizes the decaying of the stuffed birds, the holes in the axminster and the out-of-elbow horse-hair sofa—he sinks nobly and bibulously with the Victorian tradition.

We are told that James Joyce at the age of thirteen could sing B natural. This was during the Belvedere period of Joyce's education. In his last year at Belvedere he emerged Captain of the School. Later at University, in 1900, his intellectual powers became manifest with his first published essay on Ibsen, printed by THE FORTNIGHTLY. At this time, as at Belvedere, he is arrogant and detached. He has pride. He is intensely suspicious of anything that has its roots in masses. For the wrong reasons he rightly revolts against the Irish Nationalist movement in Art. His revolt, however, leads him to the discovery of Ibsen. Not the Ibsen of *Peer Gynt*, *Hedda Gabler* or *An Enemy of the People*, but the old other-worldly Ibsen of *When We Dead Awaken*. His revolt took him to Paris in 1902. And it is this period which, to my mind, is the best in the biography. For it deals with Joyce's early revolt against the stuffed birds of Dublin, Irish or Dublin Nationalism, his Catholic upbringing and the Jesuit teachers.

It is true that in the *Portrait of The Artist* we have Joyce's own expression

of this struggle, but Mr. Gorman's record of this period is good as a contribution to Joyce literature since here the author is objective.

The rest of the book is concerned with long feuds with publishers and the Moral British Printer. In general it deals with the hopeless difficulties confronting the publication of Joyce's works.

During the Great War Joyce withdrew to Zurich to complete *Ulysses*—he was continuing his own revolution. He had no time for this war that would pass out of history. In his readings he dismissed Marx's *Kapital* because he found the first line absurd. His concern was for the liberation of art from the Philistines (the masses?), His book revolutionized letters, a definitive super-realist biography in 400,000 words of a day in the life of one Bloom.

His realism led him to obscurantism, to the writing of *Finnegan's Wake*, a book which attains an intelligibility only a few can hope remotely to grasp. His revolt against the masses thus attained its logical conclusion.

This biography should be read in order to help readers of Joyce to understand the nature of this great artist who revolted in the wrong direction.

MAX WOOD.

EMERSON, by Edgar Lee Masters. *Cassell.* Living Thoughts Library. 3*s.* 6*d.*

JEFFERSON, by John Dewey. *Cassell.* Living Thoughts Library. 3*s.* 6*d.*

These are hard times for the Over-Soul.

> If the red slayer thinks he slays,
> Or if the slain thinks he is slain,
> They know not well the hidden ways
> I keep, and pass, and turn again.

The paradox rings likelier in the Concord of New England than amid the high-explosive dissonances of wartime Europe. The identity of bomber and bombed, of bullet and billet, if not an illusion, is certainly not an acceptable reality; against it our whole being cries out and all our moral instincts seem to insist that in preserving the dualism lies our whole safety, in the fusion our total destruction. Evil bears too evident a face for Transcendentalism to carry simple conviction. Neither Nature nor Representative Men can rescue us from the Frankenstein monsters of our own creation; nor is Self-Reliance, the path by which we have come to the situation, a very likely sign-post for getting us out of it. All this, in short, in Emerson seems scarcely "living thoughts" any longer, and since his philosophy never rose to the level of an organized system it has not even the beauty of an ordered structure to compel our admiration even when it fails to command our assent. In fact Emerson is one of those figures whose chief importance lies in the kind of electric shock they administer to their contemporaries. Like Rousseau and Lawrence, he provided an intellectual intoxication to a conventionalized, uncreative society, an intoxication engendered as much by his behaviour and personality as by anything he actually wrote. His printed writings by themselves, even judiciously anthologized, only give us the basis for an imaginative reconstruction of the prophet; the authentic excitement, the prophetic intensity, cannot be recaptured; the wine has been uncorked too long. Implicitly Edgar Lee Masters admits this, when he asks us to accept Emerson

because he once blew fresh air into the parochial stuffiness of Masters' Illinois. This is of interest as a testimony, but not as a proof, nor can Masters' effort to claim him as a prophet of La Follette isolationism add any fresh laurels to the Brahmin brow. Similarly, in the selections, he would have done better to have given fewer sips and longer draughts of the Emersonian vintage; the flavour, if not the headiness, might have stood a better chance of being conveyed.

This is an error which John Dewey's presentation of Jefferson avoids. Instead of a series of largely disconnected paragraphs he has given us an arrangement of Jefferson's thought, grouped under the headings of Political Philosophy, Economic Philosophy, Morals and Religion, etc. To do this for Jefferson, who never set forth any ordered scheme of his own philosophy himself, but who left a mine of quotations which has attracted every kind of petty pilferer and artist in misrepresentation, is to do a valuable service indeed both to Jefferson and to his modern readers. This surely is what such a series as this ought to do—rescue and arrange in an order that is comprehensible to the twentieth century reader the salient concepts of a thinker whose doctrines run the risk of being smothered or distorted by the garb in which they were originally presented to contemporaries. Such a service is indeed admirably rendered by most of the volumes of this series, though in none better than in this. From Dewey's introduction and the excerpts that follow, Jefferson stands out, not as the unreal protagonist of abstract rights, state and human, and diehard *laissez faire*, which subsequent borrowers of his good name have made him out to be, but as one of those singularly rounded personalities of the classic age of America, like Benjamin Franklin, whose philosophies never evolved into a neat system precisely because they were moulded and reshaped by the day to day life of action, political, social and scientific, of which they formed only a part. More a faith than a critique, his thought is nevertheless in the truest sense alive, not rooted in doctrinaire assumptions, but resting on a profound conviction of the significance in human life of reason and morality, and tempered and enriched by its background of practice and experience.

H. G. Nicholas.

THE STORY OF J.M.B., by Denis Mackail. *Peter Davies.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

It is five years since Barrie died and his testing time as an artist is due. Some of his work has become so familiar a background to life that it is in danger of being beyond criticism. The children who first saw *Peter Pan* in 1904 took their own children and will be taking their grandchildren to see it. Few who heard Miss Faith Celli's fear-laden whisper in *Dear Brutus* in 1917 will forget the experience, and it is significant, for this among other reasons, that many of those in the crowded audiences at the present revival are reported to be middle-aged. Presumably when *Mary Rose* is next revived ardent spirits will return to weep, still without knowing quite why.

Barrie was always extraordinarily fortunate in his actors and actresses both here and in America. If there

were space it would be fun to compile a list of Barrie parts with attendant interpreters. The *Peter* section alone would fill a column with names that come into the "household words" category, while the cast of the first performance of *Shall We Join the Ladies?* is such a "terrific constellation" that it is small wonder Barrie proudly included its fifteen names in the published plays. So one is driven to the conclusion that Barrie at least owed as much to his players as they to him. Whether a great deal of his output will live is not yet clear. His sentimental manner must increasingly irritate later generations who will come to it with a harder, clearer vision. Much of it is mawkish already and there is a great deal of sifting to be done. It seems probable that some of his early potboilers, among them *A Window in Thrums*, *When a Man's Single*, and *Margaret Ogilvy*, such stuff as out of which the plays began to be moulded, will endure.

Mr. Denis Mackail's book will give the reader little help in assessing Barrie's work. It is a painstaking record, mostly in the present tense, of the child springing from a home where, as so often in Scotland, scholarship was revered and must be attained; of the boy who was impelled to emulate the brilliant dead brother to win his mother's approval; of the young man's struggle in various newspaper offices; of his astonishing industry and of his determination to "get on"; of the middle-aged playwright towards whom wealth began to roll in an ever rising flood; of his private troubles and his passion for small children. All this and more—the more being unrelenting exposure of Barrie's weaknesses; his "hard-boiled" business sense in his most remote moments; his ability to exploit even his own unhappiness and to turn it into profit; his policy of showing only a poker face to his gifted and enthusiastic players; his innate snobbery and unrivalled collection of celebrities. To one who lived adjacent to Kensington Gardens and grew up incurious of the origin of a Peter Pan statue because it was already legendary, it is a shock to discover that Barrie both commissioned it and paid for its erection with the approval of the First Commissioner of Works and King Edward VII's permission. Trust Mr. Mackail to make his readers feel slightly sick at the ferocious will of this little man to be remembered and commemorated. Trust Mr. Mackail to make the most of that odious small notebook of Barrie's which housed his friends' foibles for use in later plays. But happily there is another side to the picture.

Barrie was not *only* a hard-headed snob in business dealings and a sloppy sentimentalist in his emotions His shrewdness was more than matched by an unfailing generosity to the needy and if his affections appear disproportionate they could at least be relied upon in trouble. The cruelty of his outlook (vouched for by all the little sadists in *Peter Pan* audiences) is balanced by his practical kindliness to the many children he knew.

So one turns back to this book with renewed courage, and patience too. Mr. Mackail appeared to think that the treatment of his subject should be on the lines of Barrie's own whimsicality. But imitation (or caricature!) can pall and whenever he adds his own arch comments to a straightforward piece of

narrative he is boring. It is a magnificent story and needs no gilding. The book is 719 pages long, with 24 columns of index at the end, composed mainly of "famous" names. Its enjoyment would have been doubled had the book been exactly half as long. What can you make of a biographer who even gives Barrie's watch number yet fails to describe the expression on Mr. Charles Chaplin's face when Barrie suggested that he should play Peter Pan? But the eye may be trained in the first fifty pages to skim over the bog and to land on the solid bits.

And now all due credit must be given to Mr. Mackail for his industry and for his careful collating of facts. His book is obviously the fruit of tremendous labour, though one feels that he might have made his readers love Barrie, not merely pity him.

GEA MORRIS.

I WAS LUCKY TO ESCAPE, 12 true stories of refugee and war-time escapes. *Lindsay Drummond.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THEIR FINEST HOUR. Edited by Allan A. Michie and Walter Graebner. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Looking back to one's schooldays it seems strange that one had to seek one's tales of horror and excitement in the pages of Edgar Allan Poe and one's thrills from the swords of heroes whose deeds, it was related, had won the empire. It is perhaps stretching a point to find a connection between the villains of Poe and Herr Himmler of the Gestapo but when it comes to sending the shivers down one's spine Himmler wins easily. As for the empire, swords may have won it but those who carried them never displayed more courage than those who, with or without arms, have lived in the front line to-day.

Of all the fine stories in *I was lucky to escape* nothing is more remote and therefore frightening to the island Britisher than those which deal with eluding the Gestapo. The sea one knows and even the story of the 'Altmark' or the sinking of the S.S. 'Yorkshire' cannot disturb one in the same blood-curdling way as the mental torture of being trailed by men who know no charity or mercy.

Thirteen stories of war are told in *Their Finest Hour* in the first person. Well produced and well illustrated they give in so many flashes an illuminating picture of courage, natural heroism and devotion to duty, which is stimulating and encouraging to others. As a book of adventure it can hardly be surpassed; as a historical document it will, one hopes, be terrifying.

THE PRINTED BOOK, by Harry G. Aldis. Second edition revised and brought up to date by John Carter and E. A. Crutchley. *Cambridge University Press.* 5*s.*

The story of printing is still less well known than one might expect it to be. It is an attractive tale particularly in the 16th century when the scholar-printers like Aldus in Venice and Plantin in Antwerp brought thier influence to bear upon the problem of disseminating learning. The modern world has little respect for good printing if it involves time and extra cost and in consequence the development of the book on the typography side has been arrested. *The Printed Book*, however, in its new edition pays tribute to the Nonesuch Press and the work of Mr. Eric Gill as a type designer.